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FEARFUL SUFFERINGS AT SEA.

ON 9th January the bark *Azor* arrived at Provincetown, Massachusetts, from Fayal on 15th December. She had on board a shipwrecked sailor, by name William Kennedy, who has had one of the narrowest escapes from drowning ever heard of. His story is that he sailed from New York for San Francisco in the *Margaret Tyson*, Captain Morris. He states that the ship capsized in a gale on a Saturday night—he does not know the date, latitude, or longitude—and lay on her beam ends until Sunday morning, when she was settling very fast. Captain Morris then called all the men aft, and told them to look out for themselves, as he should go down with the ship. She soon had every appearance of sinking.

The ship had six boats, three of which were stove by the drifting spars about the deck, two were stove alongside, and the sixth was launched in safety. Five of the crew jumped into her; but she was capsized soon after by a heavy sea. Four of the men got on her bottom, and the fifth (the man saved) caught a rope hanging from the ship, and hauled himself on board again. He then stripped off part of his clothes, and swam to the ship's house, which had become detached from the wreck. He found two of the crew on it, and was soon after joined by two more, who had been floating on portions of the wreck. At this time the ship had entirely disappeared. Two men soon died from exposure. The third man became delirious on the ninth day, and jumped overboard. The fourth died two days before Kennedy was picked up. He says that he caught seven small fish with his hands, and occasionally caught water when it rained. He accounts for his being seventeen days on the wreck from the fact that the last man who died told him that they had passed three Sundays on the wreck. He does not know what date the ship was lost. He is an Irishman, and not very intelligent. Letters from the Captain of the schooner *Oread* state that it was in longitude 40° that he picked up Kennedy.

We illustrate herewith the fearful peril of Kennedy and his companions on the ship's house.

A RAMBLING STORY.

BOTH AN OLD AND A COMMON STORY, TOLD IN A MOST INCOMPREHENSIBLE MANNER, BY THOMAS BUNTEY, IN THE COACHMAKING LINE.

GENTLEMEN all and ladies all, God bless you and keep you merry, and if any tale of mine can make you more jolly, why Thomas Buntey is not the one to say "No," that being quite contrary to his usual behavior, which is remarkable for good manners and comely conduct. It is a story about himself which Thomas Buntey is about to tell. He'll vouch for the truth of it, and if any man from 8st.-6 up to 12st.-8 dares to deny it, T. B. will be glad to prove his word before the face of Europe. When put up, T. B. is a roused lion, and active. This story is about T. B.'s wife, and how he came by her. A man that can lift a sack of potatoes as easy as a new-born rabbit is not the party to be trifled with. But it's holiday time, gentlemen and ladies all, and that softens the heart. I am willing to confess I was out late last night, and—well, I don't mind saying it—T. B. had a very liberal supper. But that is my business. May all your bills be paid, and never be brought up twice!

I'll go so far as to confess this—which, mind you, no force alive could have wrung from me, though it happened a year back, if I hadn't been so minded—that I was in some measure to blame. I certainly did go so far as to say that I expected the conduct of a gentleman to a gentleman from a gentleman, and Miss Mivers heard me say the words, and is willing to swear to them if need be. Well, he wouldn't take it. He must make his remarks. "This is not the time for such discussions," said I; "you'll speak when you're spoken to, and until then remain 'unobserving," said I, cutting him short, for I hate obtrusiveness. Besides, I never will hear him abuse that sweet girl, who earns the very bread he eats. The man had been civil enough till then, and very gentlemanly.

Well, we all threw. Mine was a winner, being the highest. So far so good; so they brought in the refreshments as ordered. But he wouldn't know his place. I gave him the best of advice, and said, "For your sister's sake, let by-gones be gone-bys."

I was up in a minute, and after him as fast as I could put one leg before the other. He was a pretty runner, and might have done better if he had made it his profession; but that man never would take advice. And what is he now? He only knows too well, and so does Mrs. Pewters, who, three days ago this time twelvemonths, offered to take five pounds and cry quits.

So they carried him home and put him to bed. He wasn't much hurt; and after I'd forced his head twice into the pail he partially recovered, and allowed his boots to be taken away. My only fear was that she should return, for I was anxious to be favorable in her opinion—as good a girl as ever put a bonnet on, and worth 15*s.* a week every six days she worked.

Well, when she heard my story she agreed with me that he was in the wrong. I must tell you I had sent for the goose, and she remarked it was a very fine bird, and thanked me very heartily for the present. I staid there about an hour, and all the time he never moved. She accepted my invitation, and it was agreed that if the weather was propitious we should meet at four to the minute.

In these matters the least said the soonest mended; so I was willing to take his hand, and did so. "Your conduct," I told him, very straightforward, "was not such as one gentleman expects from another gentleman; but at this season of the year I'll bear no malice." Then he paid what was due, and we went back to her.

You ought to be told, before you can perfectly understand this story, that the bugle and bead work was getting very slack, and that she was forced "to play" a good deal. He, too, being a victim to rheumatism and a late riser, was out of work. Now, *we* had been remarkably busy. When I told Mr. Merridew—our second gentleman—I should be away for three days, he asked if my work was in, and then expressed himself agreeable. So they paid me two pound sixteen, and I was as free as air. This suited me.

When I went there that evening every thing was in a rumpus. Seeing how things were going on, a man had been put in, and Mrs. Pewters was drinking green tea in her own room, and prepared to stand by events.

I never liked her much, but when I offered her a pound down she softened. He was very bad up stairs, and I had relented a good deal, for I was—and I own it—much to blame, especially the pushing him down the milkman's steps. But my blood was up, and then I'm dreadfully vicious. So she asked, very complaisant, if I'd join her in a cup, and I paid the money.

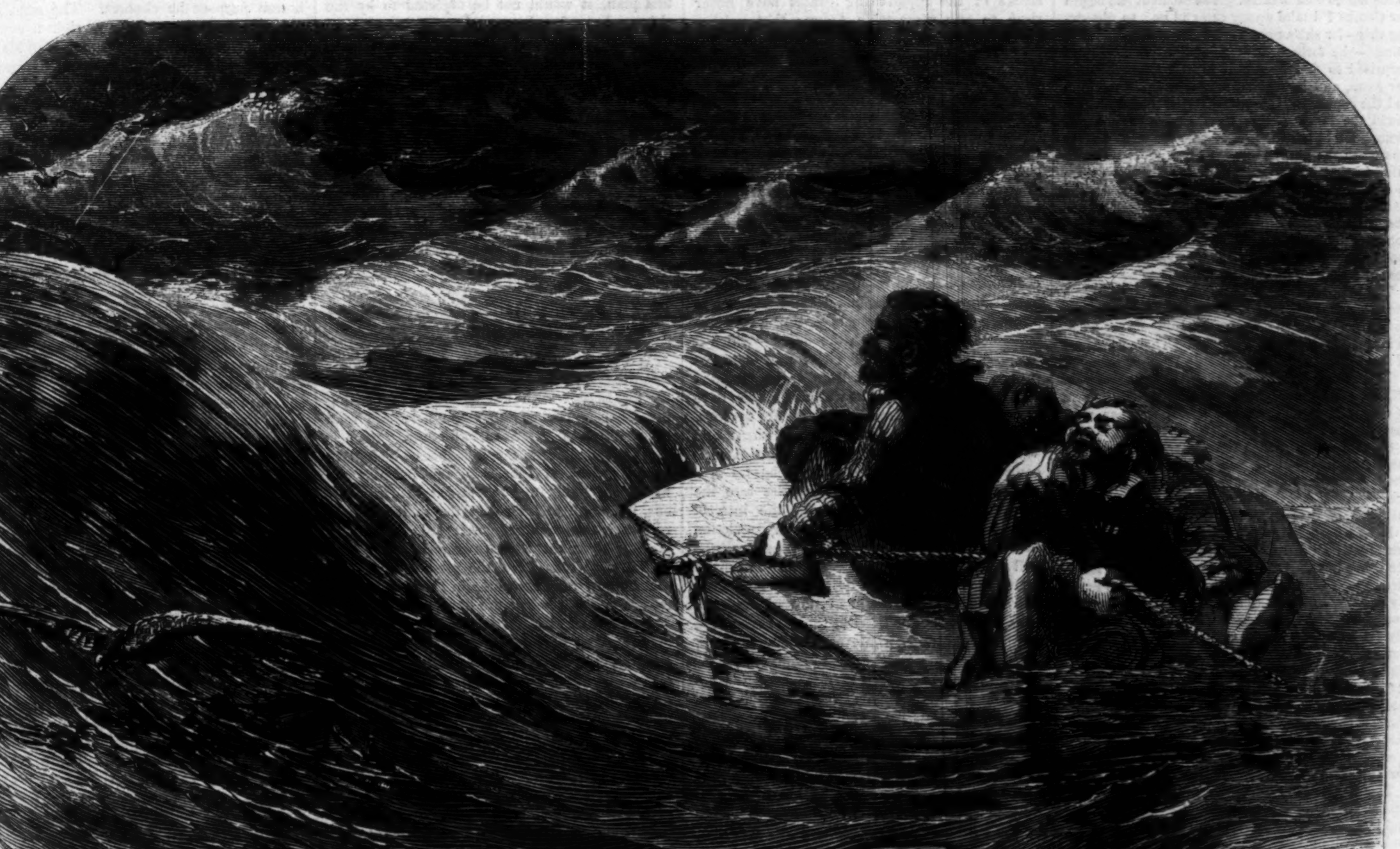
When the man that was put in was taken out, she was most overcome by the act and he was all gratefulness. "You never could keep a place, nor never will," I told him outright—just my way. He never denied it, and his head being still inflamed wouldn't take a drop. She said she never had passed such a pleasant evening.

Well, I made it my express business to speak to Mr. Merridew about it, and he was taken on for wheel-painting, at which he is clever. Every thing went on very agreeable for three days, and was most promising. That night I congratulated him, and spoke highly of his demeanor and proceedings. I never heard such thanks as she expressed herself of, for at this time she brought her work home, so we were much together.

The moment he asked me to become security I gave a straightforward "No." "Begin at littles and end at greats," I said. "That's all very well, but how can I make sure?" I remarked. She was on my side, and after all I had done for him gave him a rebuke for not being more conscientious.

The appointment was made for that very midday, and true enough I saw Mr. Hearse, and signed the bill. He was most profuse with thanks, which it pained me to hear, but I told him I did it for her, and no remarks of his could conquer my esteem. Who would have thought that three weeks after this he would have missed an installment?

She took on dreadfully. True, the back rent was paid. But rent is always going on; and if you pay the backs, why the forwards are advancing, and you should continually be prepared; at



SHIPWRECKED SAILORS OF THE "MARGARET TYSON" ON THE SHIP'S HOUSE.

least I find it so, and I am only one in ten thousand.

She agreed, crying all the time, to every thing I said. There were no hopes of him. It wasn't one glass nor three glasses, but a shopful of them. He wore out the hinges by his opening and shutting, and as Miss Mivers remarked, he didn't pay for the very chalk that was used for him. I was tired of ninepence here and fifteenpence there. "Let it end," was the observation I troubled the company with. Then he took on and went most abusive.

Time went on. One night he behaved most cruel to her, and as she wouldn't give him the shilling, he broke the chain, which cost half-a-crown in his father's time; and as I wasn't there, he went and pawned her work and sent her the duplicate. The shopman stared when I went for it, for he saw it was a bit of cheating. She said three shillings would keep her until she drew her earnings, and I arranged, once more, matters all comfortable and happy.

When Mrs. Pewters heard he had 'listed, what did she do but sweep the very bed from under her. The shop in Fox Alley which bought 'em, stuck it on in terrible style, and wanted twice the value. The little black profile of her mother, which, when new, was only sixpence bronzed, was asked two shillings for; a profit so very high I was quite furious. After I had paid for the broken glass I took the portrait home, and she showed me the lock of hair at the back, and I saw the fresh pomatum in it. A very pleasant evening.

The first floors—although very nice people, and well to do—got tired of letting her sleep on their sofa for such a long time. I was puzzled; so, as usual, I asked her to let me know how her business stood, and speak fair and true, and so see what could be done.

She only heard from him twice since he was shipped for India. He wrote very strong and hearty, and gradually improving. He wrote in want of money which he would repay most faithful, but I stopped that.

By the time Mr. Hearse said "Thank you" to the last installment he had spent of my money more than thirty pounds. She never knew this, nor was it likely. The bugle and bead work had gone off dreadful bad, and she took to flowers and bonnets at 4*s*. the dozen. I know she had very little sleep, because she said candles ruined her; but whenever I was by I never heard her grumble, but she'd give me a cup of tea, and while I smoked would sing, "Mother, is the battle over?" and "Willie, we have missed you," as sweet as balm.

Ever since I had sent her my bed and furniture as a present I had been forced to sleep very uncomfortable. I missed the chairs, too, and the kettle especially. My clothes were kept in an empty barrel, so the drawers I could more easily spare. You see, her room, being entirely empty, was quite dreadful to look at. When you're engaged at work, as I was, from six to six, furniture is only an extravagance. Besides, of an evening I was with her. The moment you fall asleep you might as well be in the blackest hole in Calcutta as in the handsomest drawing-room in Gray's Inn Lane. That's my philosophy; and it's as good as most of them that I've listened to.

Most every evening I was there, and very glad to see her so comfortable. The moment she began her thanks I'd take up my cap and go; so, observing this—for she's remarkable quick in perceiving things—she forbore from being grateful. I was surprised to find how well my furniture became her room, and how she'd made the brass to shine and the copper to glimmer. The artificial flowers round the looking-glass were particularly handsome. I told her the prettiest flower on the glass was when she peeped into it; but I never said any thing in that strain after that, for she was averse to compliments, and became very silent when she heard them, and ran the needle into herself a good deal if I said any thing sprightly. So I made my conversation as commonplace as I could to accommodate her state of mind, and every thing proceeded glossy as silk.

The man who let the rope slip said it was some one else's fault, but I got the beam on my shoulder, and in less than five minutes was lying on my back, as insensible as a sheep's carcass. There were four of them carried me to the hospital on our own No. 8 shutter. Then two of 'em wanted to cut my arm off, and two wouldn't have it touched. So the arm is on me now, and, except in wet weather, very handy.

So that spring, when the doctor had examined me, he says, "Bed 32, you'll soon be able to go about your business again." Then I had Port wine. After that they gave me meat. Then they said, "Next Friday," and I was agreeable.

It was very hard lying on my own mattress, continually on one side, to prevent my bad shoulder being hurt. It was dull, too, having no furniture to look at. When she first came to see me at my private lodgings (she came every day afterward, the same as when I was in the hospital), she stared about her in amazement, for the place was as bare as a loft. She thought, said she, I was better to do than that. She ventured to remark that if she had known it she would never have accepted the three truckfuls that were sent to her place. I was very weak, and it pained me to see her cry. I tried to rouse the lion in her; but there was no lion there—only lambs as gentle as herself.

The man that brought the furniture back said he was paid, and was ordered to leave it; even so, and if necessary use force. So I paid for his beer, and sent him away very agreeable.

When she had arranged the room as it used once to be, she took to crying again. I refused to pardon her for returning them so cruel. I wouldn't allow her to call herself hard-hearted, or to permit her to be indulged so far as to style herself selfish. But I, with my sound arm round her waist, said that as I couldn't hear of her room being bare while mine was crowded, and as she was of the same mind, why shouldn't one room do for the two of us?

Mrs. Golong (belonging to Golong the whitesmith) was kind enough to call us very sensible people, and promised to act like a mother to her, and to give her away whensoever need might be. That fine woman said: "Call me up at midnight, and I'm ready." We had six cups each, and then retired to rest.

Mr. Merridew, who is a gentleman, and behaves to a gentleman as a gentleman, gave us a wedding present, and I'm there now, painting coats of arms very rapid and correct for heraldry. She's all right, bless her! and the care she takes of that furniture of ours is beyond belief.

Then she put a sovereign in the letter and writes to him about it. But he has never answered, having died of a sun-stroke; neither has the sovereign been heard of since. His portrait is just over the tea-caddy, between the "Soldier's Departure" and the "Sailor's Return;" but I can't say it's like him, for the coat is too good and the hair too tidy. He swole dreadfully of late, the nose most remarkable.

She said, with much feeling, "It's name shall be James, for that was his name, and his father's name before him." So I let it be, and there he is James to this day, very fat and comfortable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 22, 1859.

CITY AND COUNTY RESPONSIBILITIES.

THE County of Alleghany, Pennsylvania, is reported to be taking proceedings to contest the righteous decision of the highest Courts of that State, condemning it to fulfill its written agreement. Simultaneously, we learn that the City of Keokuk, a flourishing town of Iowa, announces, by the organ of its Mayor, that its citizens are about to repudiate. Other towns and counties in the West are suspected of a desire to follow the example; bills are already draughted for adoption by the State Legislatures securing to the fraudulent cities the privilege of cheating their creditors.

The persons and corporate bodies who thus propose to evade the consequences of their own acts, and to defraud those who have reposed faith in their integrity, must be sadly ignorant of the principles of credit and of the ways of the world.

Various estimates have been made of the pecuniary injury inflicted on the United States by the repudiation of Mississippi, Arkansas, Florida, and Illinois, and by the crooked policy of Pennsylvania and Texas in relation to their debts. Some authorities have stated that the action of these States has cost the country at large several hundred millions of dollars by discrediting its bonds abroad and shedding doubt upon all kinds of American securities. However this may be, it is certain that the stocks of the repudiating States have never risen to any respectable figure; that neither Mississippi, nor Arkansas, nor Florida, nor Illinois have been able to borrow the money they have needed for internal improvements; and that to this day Pennsylvania and Texas stocks are open to suspicions which are never breathed against the securities of Virginia, Ohio, Massachusetts, or New York. No misfortune ever befell the people of these States so lamentable or so enduring in its mischievous effects as their tortuous policy in reference to their State bonds.

It seems to be a question now whether counties and cities shall follow the bad example or not. If the County of Alleghany should succeed in evading the responsibilities it assumed, and if the City of Keokuk should succeed in bullying its creditors into accepting a compromise of 40 or 50 cents on the dollar—which it proposes—the credit of cities and counties throughout the country will be gravely impaired. Capitalists abroad as well as at home have been in the habit of lending their money to cities, as well as counties, throughout the North and West, on the faith of the reputation of Americans for integrity. Very few purchasers of a city bond take the trouble to inquire into the property subject to taxation for the interest thereon. They rely chiefly on their conviction that American citizens—whether poor or rich—will pay their debts. They are aware, in many cases, that by ingenious quibbles of law many cities and counties might evade their debts if they were so inclined. But they are reassured by the belief that, whatever the law may do, American citizens will act like honest men.

It now remains to be seen whether this belief is well founded or no. The Pennsylvanian Courts have thus far given no encouragement to the fraudulent designs of Alleghany County; nothing has yet transpired of the opinions of the Iowa Judiciary with regard to the barefaced proposal of Keokuk. It may be safely said that if either the one or the other are sustained by the Courts in the course they are pursuing, we have seen the last of county and city loans.

The principle with regard to corporate indebtedness differs in no respect from that which governs individual debts. If a man can pay his debts, he is bound to do so to the uttermost cent of his property. If a city or county incurs debt, the property within the same is similarly bound. It is no excuse to say that the business of the county is depressed, or that the State considers a debt of five per cent. on the taxable property as much as any city or county should bear. When the debt has been incurred voluntarily, it is to be presumed that the debtor has benefited by it; and he is bound to pay it, whatever be his circumstances, and even though the debt be ninety-five per cent. of the taxable property. Any other principle would be fatal to the moral and material progress of the country.

THE USURY LAWS.

Fresh efforts will be made this winter to induce the Legislature to repeal the absurd and useless restrictions on the trade in money. Last year, the members from the rural districts resolutely opposed the repeal of the usury laws, and they were not repealed. Their reason, then as theretofore, was that, if the usury laws were repealed, the rapacious and unconscionable usurers of the city would be enabled to exact preposterous interest from rural borrowers who sought to mortgage their farms in order to raise money.

No person of enlarged experience need be assured that this apprehension is unfounded. Loans on bond and mortgage, like other securities, must be regulated by the law of supply and demand; if the farmers suddenly and simultaneously come into the market to borrow, the rate of interest will rise; if, on the contrary, they follow the usual course of things, and borrow only as they require money for improvements, the chances are that the rate would fall below the present legal figure, because there is always a large sum of money in this and other large cities seeking investment on real estate.

The injury inflicted on the farmers by the usury laws is this. When money is dear at the financial centres—as it always must be in prosperous times—they can not borrow at all; for no capitalist will lend at 7 when he can readily obtain 9 and 10 per cent. This inconvenience must have been experienced very widely among the farmers of this State in the year 1856. Whereas, if the usury laws were repealed, they could always obtain loans; at a cheap rate, when money was plentiful; at a dear rate, when money was scarce: but, so long as their security was adequate, they would always succeed in obtaining a loan at some rate or other.

These arguments may not carry conviction to the minds of the members from the rural districts. In other countries the farmers have insisted on being exempted from the effects of fluctuations in money. In parts of Great Britain, for instance, loans on real estate are exempted from the operation of the laws securing free trade in money; and the consequence is that, at the present time, when bankers, merchants, and brokers are borrowing as much as they want at 2½ per cent., farmers are paying 5 per cent. per annum. If the rural districts like this plan, it would not be objected to by the cities. Let a law be passed specifying that, in the case of loans on real estate, 7 per cent. shall be the legal rate of interest; but in all other cases, that money, like other commodities, shall be worth the price it will command, and no more. Such a plan would be quite satisfactory to this city. It would save a good deal of fraud and perjury; it would enable many men to lend their money more safely than they do now; it would save borrowers from the extra interest they now pay to indemnify the lender against the chances of a plea of usury. If it suits the rural districts, by all means let it become a law.

IS CHARLES DICKENS COMING TO THIS COUNTRY?

We presume that it is not generally understood that a gentleman has lately left this country for Europe with the intention of inviting Mr. Charles Dickens to come here and read his writings to American audiences. Such is the fact; and from the influences which have been brought to bear, and the inducements which are likely to be held out to Mr. Dickens, it is safe to infer that the invitation will run a fair chance of being accepted. It is quite possible that Mr. Dickens may be among us within six weeks from the present time, and that he may read his works in all the large cities of the North before the hot weather sets in.

In a former article we expressed a fear that, in the event of Mr. Dickens coming to this country, his matrimonial transactions would operate against his cordial reception. Undoubtedly, the general impression in the United States—derived in the main from Mr. Dickens's card and public letter—has been rather more favorable to the silent wife than to the communicative husband. But this is a rapid world and a swift age. People are already forgetting that there have been any dissensions in the Dickens household. Quarrels between husband and wife are not so rare here that people remember them for any length of time.

As to the other obstacle in the way of Mr. Dickens's reception here, viz., his ungracious requital of the civilities shown him here on his former visit, it must be borne in mind that the persons who were most annoyed at Martin Chuzzlewit now belong to a past age. Many of them are tenants of a better world; others, still living, have ceased to take an active share in sublunary concerns. The ruling generation of this day were in pinafores and bibs when the Dickens ball was given. They know Dickens, not by Martin Chuzzlewit or Nicholas Nickleby, but by Bleak House, David Copperfield, and Little Dorrit. They know him not only as the most exuberantly sympathetic writer of the age, but as a gallant champion of democracy in Great Britain, and as a man who has done yeoman service in the noble cause of social, legal, and industrial reform. His works are familiar to a larger section of the American people than any other writings of the present day. He ranks, in respect of popularity, not only far above the most popular of his contemporaries, but above Shakspeare and Byron.

If, therefore, it be allowable to reason from analogy on such a subject, more people will desire to see Dickens than could be gathered to listen to lectures by any other living man.

So far as the leaders of intellectual society are concerned, they are, one and all, prepared to extend to Charles Dickens a cordial and hearty welcome. Whatever his errors may have been, there is no question but he has been in his day and of his race the boldest and best friend of humanity, the truest partisan of truth, and the honestest partisan of honesty. None have exposed the rottenness of old routine, or the fallacy of hereditary privilege so thoroughly and eloquently as he; none have used great powers of fascination to so useful advantage. Of all the great geniuses of this century Charles Dickens has unquestionably made the best use of his great gifts; nor can this age do itself justice without awarding to him the monument that is his due. The obligation devolves on us as well as upon the English; and if he comes here we will discharge it.

HOW NOT TO TEACH BOYS.

A rich man, dying down East, has aroused much controversy by leaving the bulk of his fortune to Yale College, and cutting off his wife and children with moderate legacies. Some journals make short work of him, and call him a curmudgeon; others, owning to a private regard for old Yale, stamp him as a benefactor of learning and an honor to his species.

The question at issue lies in a very narrow compass. Clearly, a man has a right to do what he will with his own. Children possess no rights whatever upon the estate of their parents; what they inherit therein they derive from the pure bounty of their father or mother. *A fortiori*, if a man thinks (with good reason, as we deem) that a legacy of $25,000 will be substantially more beneficial to a young man than a legacy of $100,000 or $250,000, he has a right to restrict his son to the former amount, and to devote the balance of his property to any honest purpose he chooses. The sons, therefore, of Mr. Ellsworth have no right to complain of the disposition he chose to make of his property; nor has any stranger any good ground for officiously complaining in their behalf or in the widow's.

But when we come to examine the bequest of ever so many hundred thousands to Yale College, it becomes necessary, in order to judge of the propriety of that clause of the deceased's will, to inquire whether Yale College needs the money—whether it is really an institution demanding and deserving public support—and whether money spent in paying its professors and improving its grounds will really yield good fruit.

As to the first point, a distinction must be drawn. No complaint has been made of the highness of the fees at Yale. It has never been made apparent that Yale, like the English universities, is a place from whence poor men's sons are necessarily excluded. On the contrary, the prevailing impression is that the fees charged at Yale are so moderate that the great masses can afford to have their children educated there if they are so inclined. If this be so, then evidently Yale needs no fresh aid. Still, no man ever admits that he has more than he wants; nor, indeed, if he be rightly minded, can he ever be oppressed by an overplus of means. There are always useful ways in which money can be laid out by individuals, and by colleges also. If Yale creates a certain number of free scholarships on the strength of the late windfall, it will decide the first query we have put in its own favor.

The second and third are less easily disposed of. The question whether Yale and the other old-fashioned colleges of the United States are really meritorious institutions of learning admits of some controversy. There are many well-meaning persons in this country who believe that they are monstrous humbugs; pale copies of fossil universities in England, without the learning and the classic elegances which give a gloss to the serene absurdities of Oxford and Cambridge, without the gentlemanly influences of those institutions, without the least pretension to educate young men for the real work of life, without any use in the economy of life, in short, except as nurseries for pedants who earn an easy living in their academic shades. No doubt these opinions are excessive; no doubt the professors at Yale and Harvard mean well by their pupils, and here and there, no doubt, a young man under their tuition lays the seeds of future acquirements which will do honor to himself and credit to his country. But it must be confessed that the general experience of students does not tend to strengthen the public prejudice in favor of the educational system pursued at these institutions. It has been said of them with too much truth that, in the language of the old liturgy, they do the things which they ought not to do, and they leave undone the things which they ought to do. They teach our boys Greek which is of no earthly use to them; likewise conic sections, the differential calculus, and moral philosophy, which however useful to one pupil out of a hundred are worse than useless to the other ninety-nine. But they do not teach, as they should, the modern languages; they take little pains to make pupils aware of the fundamental facts of the great sciences, chemistry, botany, physics, mechanics, medicine, law; many of them may be said to ignore the practical concerns of life for the chaff of grammar, prosody, and elocution. None of them—in a country where two out of every three men are traders—undertake to explain the great principles of commerce, as evolved from geography, political economy, and social statistics. In a word, many a graduate of an American first-class university finds, when he leaves college, that of all the great fund of knowledge he has spent so much time and labor to acquire not a jot is of any practical use to him for his life-struggle, while of the knowledge he really needs he possesses not an inkling.

On this ground, then, some exception may be taken to copious bequests to old-fashioned academic institutions. If it be true that these universities teach what is useless and do not teach what is useful, they were better abolished, and any bequest which may tend to strengthen them is ill bestowed. Otherwise, and on other grounds, cavil at the will in question seems unwarranted.

BUTTER AND EGGS.

[FROM OUR COUNTRY CONTRIBUTOR.]

We country people are a good deal beholden to your clever ones of the town for much of our winter's entertainment. For instance, lecturers.

And having listened to them overmuch latterly, will you allow me to put down a hint or two, which (if they smoke) they may put in their pipes (otherwise in their paunch) to ruminate upon.

And first: they shouldn't crowd us too much with facts. Facts are good, but if not set off with some pleasantnesses of fancy (like a duck with olives or chipped onions) they don't digest well. There must be lubrication as well as stuffing.

Again: wit mustn't be drawn too fine. A great many of the very best things I hear get no echo; simply because they belong to the rarefied medium of a table-talk among good fellows, and keen ones, and not to the somewhat thick and gas-impregnated air of our "public hall." For instance, the loudest laugh which I have heard in all the winter, and the most genial acceptance of fun, was in a certain lecturer's enumeration of the contents of a little American child's basket of luncheon—pickles, and doughnuts, and what not!

The lecture was a good one, but surely its goodness did not lie here. There was drollery in this, but no wit. Is drollery, then, better than wit? In certain places, yes.

Again: your lecturers must have, for our common-sense people, some clean, clear point to drive at. I have been entertained not a few times with prodigious whiffs and spurts of eloquence; but have come away, like all the rest, with a dim, disorderly, phantasmagoric muddle in my mind.

Now, though we listen to such, and give it a stamp or two, we don't applaud it when we get outside. If the lecturers want to keep their hold, they must aim at the applause of "next day." It doesn't tickle vanity so much, but it lasts.

Again: don't let a lecturer be disheartened if, in ten minutes after his start, he sees a tall fellow going out from the back benches. This is our town critic, who is going home to lay himself out in an article about you and your lecture for to-morrow's paper. You can buy it in the morning for two cents—probably will. It's as much as it's worth.

He will probably say that you remind one of Thackeray, though none of his strength; or of Emerson (if you are not he), though none of his depth; or of Beecher (if you are not that Agonistes), though none of his wit or exuberance.

Don't be fidgety at this. If you say any thing worth hearing or remembering we shall give you a little pedestal of your own, though, as the flattering French boot-seller said to the woman with a small foot, we must order it *exprès*.

Don't try and impose upon us by saying extraordinary things; we get those in the advertisements; besides which, don't we get, now and then, a hearing of the spirit-rappings, and don't we read such poems as Brama?

Again: don't let your political heats boil up into sputter of invective; we get enough of that in our town Daily. Of course we cultivated people have more or less of the Black proclivities—more or less (God willing) of the humanities. But when you tell us that all who don't think precisely as you think are dotards, and weak-backed, and hump-backed, and dough-faced, and drivelers, why (not to say we hear that periodically in the *Weekly Scourer*, edited by an all-fired smart fellow), we know better.

We know that Squire Redtop, for instance, our neighbor, who has pretty daughters, doesn't think as you think, or as the *Scourer* thinks; but yet he is an honest, kindly, God-fearing man—not altogether up to our measure of cultivation, perhaps—not entertaining all our progressive views about manifest destiny and a social millennium—possibly believing, in his old-fashioned way, that if a man commits murder he should hang for it—possibly taking snuff and sneezing over the best possible essay about "woman's rights;" but do you think that if you come to pour out the sootiness of your boiling caucus pitch-pots over his head and ears that we are going to cheer you?

No, no. We may count him a slow man—we do. But is he not our neighbor?

Sha'n't he have our kindness—butter and eggs—if he wants?

THE LOUNGER.

SEPOY NEWS.

Staten Island, *January* 15, 1859.

Mr. Lounger,—I had the honor of addressing you on the 11th September last immediately after the destruction of the Quarantine buildings, stating what I thought might be urged in palliation of the forcible measures of the night of the 1st of September.

For the rest of the year, as you know, we remained under martial law. Several hundreds of our fellow-citizens of New York, in coats and trowsers of various bright colors, and carrying muskets upon their shoulders, marched about, at stated hours, upon the open space adjoining the Quarantine ground—slept in tents—mounted guard against the enemy—chewed the noxious weed, and also the cud of reflections more or less bitter about their deserted families and languishing business—were relieved every few days by fresh gentlemen in different colors—and were in general of great service in keeping the Sepoy children quiet and amusing the nurses by their music and marching.

This is what is called martial law: and the uniformly pacific and satisfied condition of the Island during the autumn is, gubernatorially viewed, a state of insurrection.

There is now another movement in the game, to which I call your attention, and, through you, the attention of many of our fellow-citizens in all parts of the country who are inclined to think that we are a turbulent and foolish set of fellows.

The late and present Governors of the State have declared that Staten Island is not a fit site for the Quarantine. The Legislature of 1857 provided for its immediate removal. The Commissioners appointed under the act have reported in favor of erecting an island upon Orchard Shoals in the Lower Bay, while the Governor himself has indicated a preference for Sandy Hook. The final action, of course, rests with the Legislature.

The new movement to which I allude has been already detected by the *Tribune*, and is worthy careful consideration. I can state it more plainly if you will allow me to use the compound word *South-Street* to designate the party opposed to any removal of the Quarantine.

The case, then, stands thus: South-Street, having proved by experience that it can prevent the obtaining of Sandy Hook, interests itself anxiously in favor of the Governor's intimation of a fresh treaty for that spot: and so seems to yield to the general wish and the legal provision for the removal of the pest.

But suppose the Legislature empowers the Governor to treat for Sandy Hook, or to appoint a new Commission to provide for the removal of the Quarantine, is there any reason to suppose that the interest which has hitherto thwarted the intention of the Legislature and the ardent wishes of the people will cease to thwart it?

But the Legislature having authorized a Commission to provide for the removal, and that Commission having reported a feasible plan justly obnoxious to no one, there is no question that the reported plan should be adopted, and the necessary means provided to give it effect. All good citizens, all who have in view the health of the city and the interest of trade, which is annually alarmed by the dangers of the present Quarantine, will willingly accept the offered solution of the difficulty.

Surely the people of the State of New York are not willing that, to benefit the supposed pecuniary interest of a few rich men, scores of their honest, laborious fellow-citizens shall annually be put to death without due course of law. That is the simple question. Shall it be a question for a month longer? Was there any greater grievance than this recited in the Declaration of Independence?

If our friends at a distance think that the Quarantine question is only one of disagreeability or pecuniary interest to the people of Staten Island, they are quite right in insisting that we shall remain perfectly quiet until South-Street thinks fit to consider its interest promoted by the removal. But if they will only remember that to the neighborhood it is a question of life and death, they may understand our natural impatience with South-Street, and our indignation that a mortal pest should be made permanent in the midst of our homes.

Will you say so to them, Mr. Lounger, in the name of the Sepoys?

Truly yours, Richmond Clam.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

The English Duke of Beaufort was lately playing "Aunt Sally" upon a race-course in England—a game, the point of which is to knock a pipe out of the mouth of a figure by throwing sticks at it—and the horse of a gentleman who was in the saddle having hit his Grace's shoulder, and the gentleman, for some reason (probably from not knowing that the Graceful shoulder had been hit), not having asked the Duke's pardon, that person instantly treats the equestrian gentleman in the light of his "Aunt Sally," and as a lawyer in the case expresses it, "propels bludgeons" at him until he tumbles off his saddle. Then the Ducal honor was appeased. But the gentleman brought the Duke into court, and the Duke sued the gentleman for some kind of assault—the gentleman was cast in a farthing and the Duke in a hundred pounds. Thereupon the London *Times* remarks:

> "The Duke of Beaufort's name should never have been dragged before the public in a contemptible race-course squabble about 'Aunt Sally.' *Noblesse oblige!*"

Undoubtedly it does, and whom does it *oblige* and at whose peril? The logic of the *Times* is that it obliges silence upon the vulgar in regard to the behavior of the *Noblesse*. But the modern reading of that phrase is, that nobility obliges noble conduct, or at least common decency, under peril of a tremendous publicity. That a foolish young Englishman should get drunk, or frequent the society of race-horses and jockeys, or indulge himself in thimble-rig or "Aunt Sally," is a matter of no moment except to the young gentleman and his parents. But that a Duke of Beaufort should do these things is a matter of importance, because his name is not his own but belongs to his country. That name compels the young man to good behavior. That is the way in which *noblesse oblige;* and the penalty is not a hushing up of the fact, but a wide publication of it, to the end that all the world may know that true nobility does not reside in names and families but in character.

If the Duke of Beaufort behaves foolishly in a contemptible race-course squabble about "Aunt Sally," his name *should* be dragged before the public as widely as possible, that other young gentlemen born to titles may understand in what way *noblesse oblige*.

BURNS'S SISTER AND SCOTT'S GREAT-GRANDSON.

We are reminded that we have been bound by living links to famous men and times, by learning that the daughter of Dr. Johnson's friend, Mrs. Thrale, lately died in England; and that, just as the world is sitting down to the love-feast in memory of the hundredth birth-day of Robert Burns, his youngest sister, Mrs. Begg, dies; while, simultaneously with the aged sister of Burns, the great-grandson of the other great Scotchman, Walter Scott, bearing the same name, died at the age of only a year and a half. One little girl alone now remains to transmit the family name of the Author of *Waverley*.

It is remarkable that, while the reputation of the canny Scotch makes them shrewd, thrifty, and earnest, but not especially genial, the two most personally beloved authors in literature are Burns and Scott, both Scotchmen. Shakespeare is the name of an intellectual force, not of a man. We can hardly grasp the individual Shakespeare; but the strong human personality of Burns and Scott compels every man to love them like hearty, kindly, sympathetic elder brothers.

EVENING PREACHING.

For the first time since its erection, Trinity Church was opened on the evening of the Feast of the Epiphany, and brilliantly illuminated and densely crowded for an appropriate religious service. On every Sunday evening the Academy of Music is opened and crowded for the same purpose, and the National Theatre in Chatham Street.

These movements are simultaneous with those in London, where St. Paul's Cathedral has been opened for evening service. And the object in both cases is the same. It is to gather the people who can not buy pews in costly churches—the halt, the blind, and the falling, whom the giver of the feast sent his servants into the highways and by-ways to collect and bring in to his table.

But they don't come—and, of course, the preachers and the preaching may be earnest and humble, but there is a private and personal sympathy which must precede the solemn preaching of the Word, and so touch the forlorn and the outcast that they will feel it is a genuine love-feast at which they are invited to seat themselves. The great mass of the people for whom these services are kindly intended feel that society does not care for them. They are hungry—struggling—sick—weary, and dying. What is the probability that they will join the bright crowd that throngs to the Opera-house—a crowd of which every person has, or could have for the asking, a regular seat in some regular church?

No: John Wesley's way was the simple, natural way, and its success shows its wisdom. If you would reach the really poor—in substance as well as in spirit—you must go to them, and not expect them to come to you. It was the early Methodist preaching in the fields that fed the multitude as they have not been fed since the days of the New Testament story. Methodism would not have grown if it had been planted in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. We must go and visit the widows and fatherless, showing them that we practically believe what we preach—and then the widows and fatherless will come to hear the Word, having already seen it made life.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—B. F. H., Baltimore, is respectfully declined.

—Eleanor J., New Orleans, describes a great many of the modern poets when she says, speaking of an author whom she greatly likes, "But he seems to have a mania for killing folks. Reading his books is like going to visit a pleasant acquaintance who keeps a dead body in the house; whose conversation is very charming, but constantly interrupted at intervals by an invitation to go and look at the corpse."

Eleanor J. sends a poem, too long, but not without beauty. It begins

"I have two wives—one, angel; and one, woman;
  Each mother of an angel—happy me!
I have four daughters, two of whom are human,
  And two are angels whom we do not see;
Ah! me, though poor in every worldly sense
  Yet who so rich as I?
Who will compare the stores we take not hence
  To my stores in the sky?"

—Sepoy, in reply to our "very excellent and ingenious correspondent, Mr. C. P. Compte of Louisiana," begs to say that the difference in the number of palings in the two fences described by him (*Weekly, January* 8), and under the conditions set forth in his so called "problem," will be, *none whatever*.

It is extremely problematical whether "Mr. Compte" has ever heard of that most troublesome question to young arithmeticians, "If a herring and a half costs a penny and a half, what will twelve herrings cost?"

And C. R. F., New York, in answering the problem of Mr. Compte, suggests that the same principle is involved in the question whether more wheat can be raised on a *hilly* acre of land than on an acre *perfectly level*, supposing both to be of the same quality of soil, and the same kind of seed to be planted in each.

The Lounger owes it to his correspondent in Louisiana to state that he has the start of his ingenious answerers, for the same note that contained the problem brought the solution. It is, therefore, possible that he may be able to answer both the herring puzzle and the agricultural problem.

—Pindar thinks the Lounger wrong in his statement of the pronunciation of the name of Piccolomini. He declares that

> "Every Italian in Christendom will, if asked how the word in question is pronounced, give the very common and natural pronunciation, Pick-kol-o-mee-nee, the accent, according to the well understood rules of orthoepy, being upon the penult *mi*, pronounced by Italians *mee*."

J. L., Baltimore, desires some good questions for debate in a club of young men:

> "They should possess the following qualities—1st, Conciseness and clearness of expression, so as not to cause any deviation from the point in discussion; 2d, an interesting theme without being either a religious or a party-political one, and, 3dly, one which, while giving a large scope for the exercise of the reasoning faculties and the display of rhetoric, requires not too high a degree of learning. For instance: Is Ambition a vice or a virtue? or, Should the United States sympathize with the Allies in the late Russian War?"

The Lounger would respectfully suggest that the following seem to be free of any religious or political bearing:

I. Can Cherubim sit down?
II. Is Macaulay a good writer?
III. If the tide should rise higher in the Mediterranean sea, would the price of fish fall in Naples?
IV. Are Sicily oranges preferable to Havana; or, granting that they are not so sweet, does not the greater beauty of the girls who gather them make up the difference?
V. If a man should want to eat all the buckwheat cakes upon the breakfast table of a private boarding-house, ought he to do it?
VI. If he did, might not water be poured into his boots the next morning without injury to the moral character of the water-pot?
VII. If there be a hole in the earth at the North Pole, ought not Captain Symmes to have sailed into it?
VIII. What shall we do about it?
IX. Are pears a finer fruit than apples: and if they are, would not a pair of apples be a happy compromise?
X. Is not avarice one of the worst things a man can do; and if not, what is?

With these questions the club may be considered perfectly safe. The most sensitive, political, and ecclesiastical toes will not be trodden upon. The Lounger affectionately dedicates them to all Debating Clubs of young Americans who wish to discuss all questions but those of vital interest to themselves and others.

—Beau Dolphin, of Milton, North Carolina, fell asleep over Shakespeare, and dreamed of Belle Heron, the lady of his heart; who thereupon called him blockhead for dropping asleep over Shakespeare. Was she justified in so calling me? asks Beau Dolphin. But it makes little difference, since she did not reprove him for dreaming of her. She covered her confusion and pleasure at the compliment by scolding him for doing what nobody is supposed justified in doing—falling asleep over Shakespeare. If any reader feels the spell of sleep coming on, let him change the book. It is not the sleep or the dream that is objected to, but the holding of Shakespeare at the same time. Take Butler's Analogy, or—well, it is invidious to come to contemporaries—and nobody will blame you for sinking into unconsciousness.

—W. F. B. J. sends some verses—"Only a Beggar"—full of good feeling, but not quite poetry.

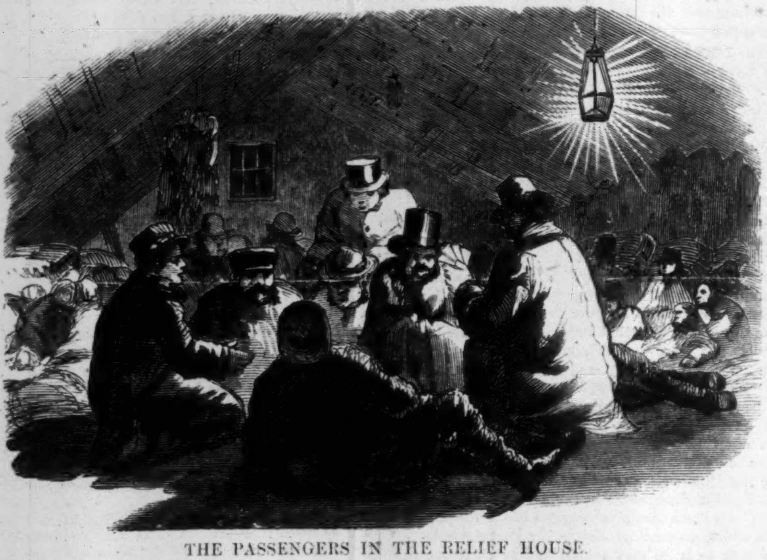
—Montgarnier, Union Square, was suddenly struck with the idea that he would be a great author. But, upon trial, he did not succeed. His case is very desperate, for great authors are rarely seized with the idea that they can make themselves such, without long and earnest and, at best, doubtful labor. Montgarnier had better relinquish that idea.

—Emmie writes that it is well known that in Vermont "one has to marry a real funny old farmer." Now as fun and farming are two of the most useful, innocent, and pleasant things, "one" does not seem doomed to a very dismal fate. Emmie may live to learn that it is better to marry a funny old farmer than a foolish young citizen.

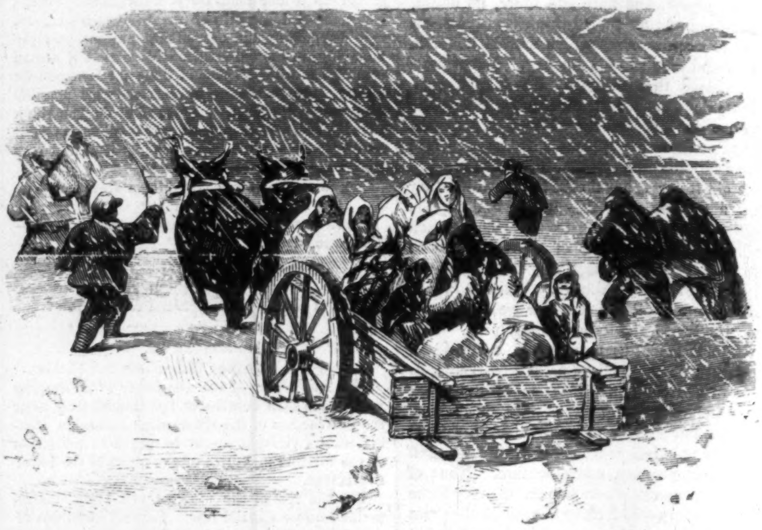
—To F. A. T. the Lounger commends what he has said to "George"—but he must except the goodness of the rhymes. Will F. A. T. reflect upon this?

"I slowly sauntered through the dark'ning wood,
  And, by a gate with ivy *grown*,
I entered [illegible] the dwelling of the dead,
  Upon [illegible] earth man's latest *home*."

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMER "C. VANDERBILT."



THE PASSENGERS IN THE RELIEF HOUSE.



THE JOURNEY ACROSS THE ISLAND.

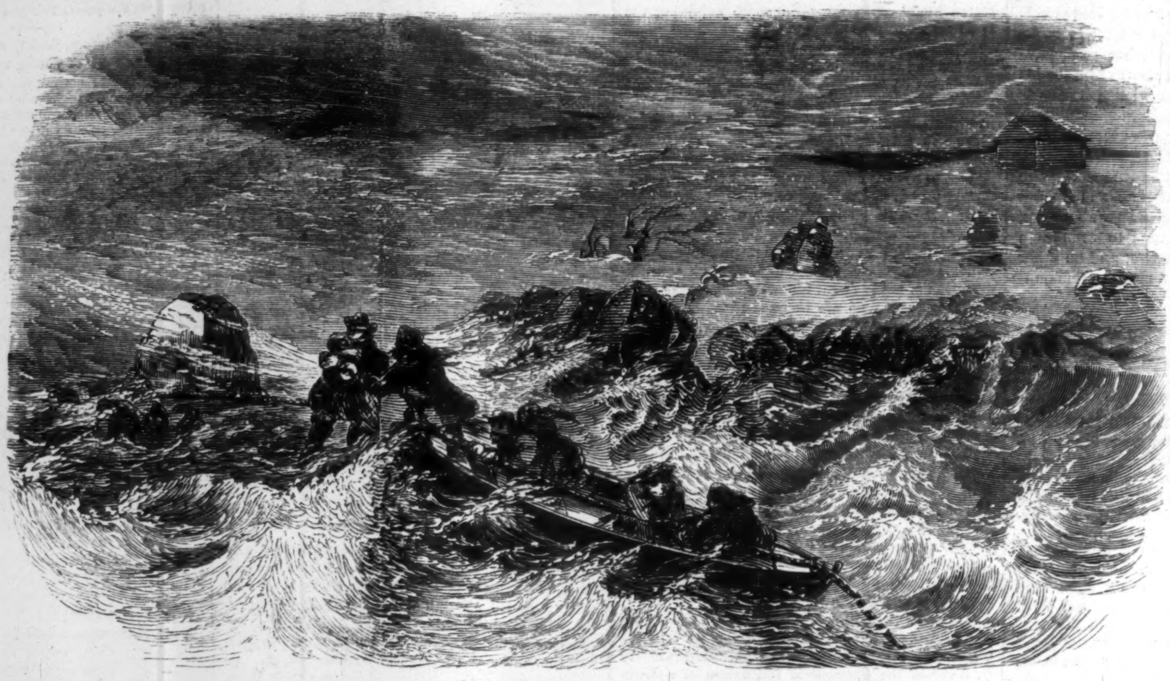
WE herewith engrave four illustrations of the wreck of the *C. Vanderbilt* steamer, which, on her passage from New York to Stonington, on Monday, 3d of January, ran ashore on Fisher's Island, and is expected to prove a total loss. One of the passengers gave the following account of the disaster to the *Herald:*

"We left New York shortly after four o'clock P.M. on Monday last, with what might be called a fair prospect for good weather. A few hours subsequent, however, showed indications of a change, commencing with rain and a strong wind from the northeast. The wind increasing, and a snow-storm setting in, prevented our making any light beyond Saybrook. Steam was then at intervals shut off, and the lead hove, and our progress materially lessened, till our position was supposed to be nearly up with Bartlett's Reef Light; but although our whistle was repeatedly blown, no response came from the Reef Light bell. Soundings being continued, showed that, from thirty fathoms, we were now in less than ten fathoms water. The anchor was then let go; but such was the force of the gale that it soon parted, and we shortly after brought up on the western extremity of Fisher's Island, within three hundred yards of Race Point, a much dreaded spot to Sound navigators in stormy weather. A hawser was at once sent ashore and made fast to a rock. Had we struck on the Point, not a doubt exists that the immediate loss of both boat and passengers would have ensued.

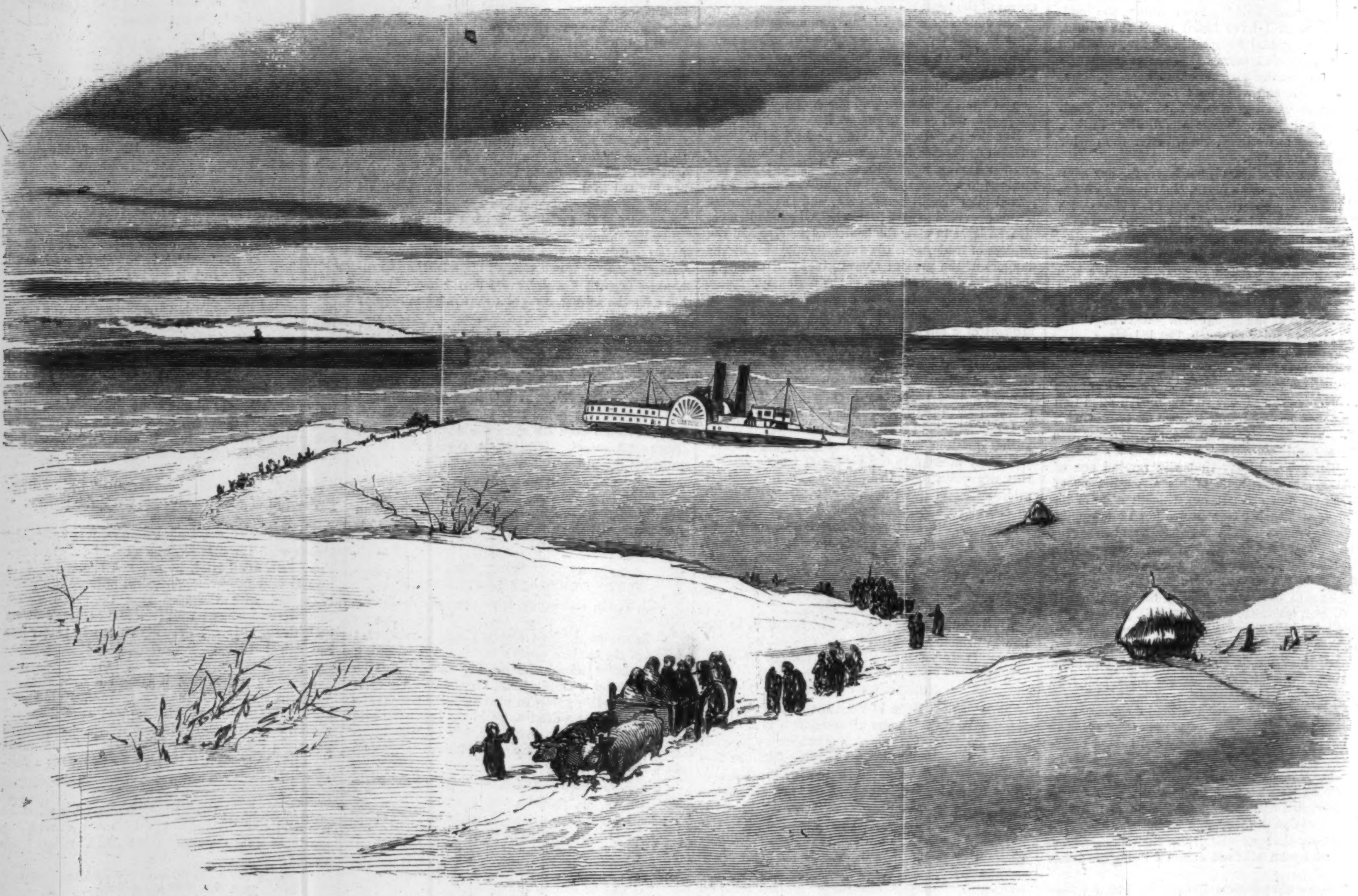
"The only apprehensions now felt was for her holding together, and each counted the minutes of the three hours' interval to daylight with intense anxiety. It came at last, and with it the consoling appearance of a house at the point of the reef, dimly seen through the driving storm.

"To send a man ashore was the work of a moment. He reported the building to be the Government relief house, within which was a stove. Wood was sent at once, a fire kindled, and then commenced the disembarking—beginning with the ladies and children, under the gentle care and supervision of the Captain.

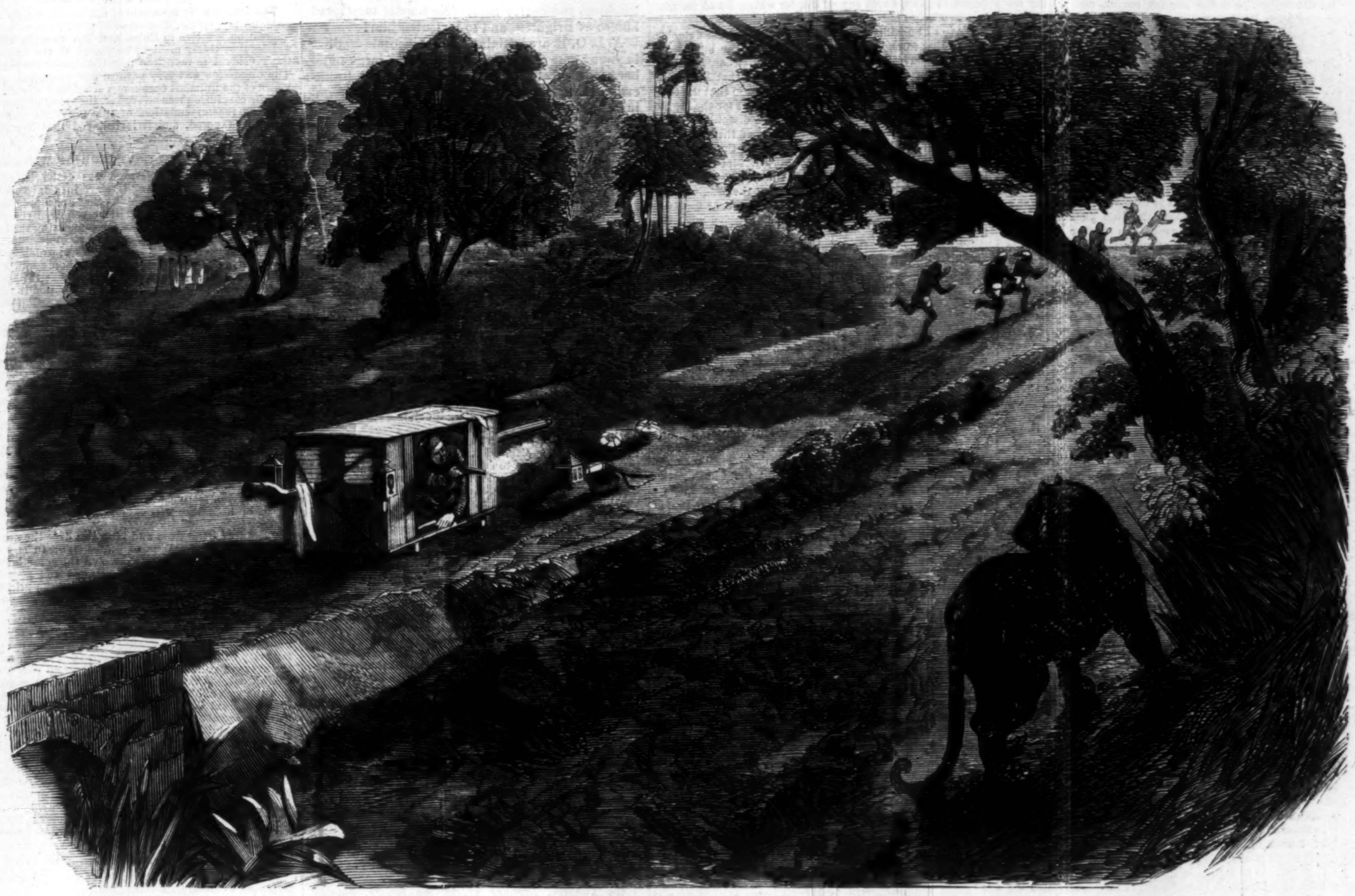
"After frequent trips with the small boat all were



LANDING IN THE SURF.



THE "C. VANDERBILT" ASHORE ON FISHER'S ISLAND.



APPEARANCE OF A TIGER, AND FLIGHT OF THE BEARERS.

placed ashore, no one sustaining as much as a scratch. This done, provisions, water, cooking utensils, mattresses, and blankets were liberally sent, and all made as comfortable as the crude nature of our accommodations would admit of.

"Here were domiciled our seventy-one passengers, together with about twenty of the waiters and attachés of the boat, in a room 14 by 20 feet (with a cock-loft of corresponding size, only accessible by an upright ladder with one broken spoke), for one night and nearly two days.

"Night came, with its dreaded pall of dreariness and darkness. Lamps lighted, and arrangements for sleeping being concluded, hymns were sung, in which all joined with perfect unanimity, and never was 'Old Hundred' sung with more heartfelt earnestness than on that rock-bound beach, upon the night of January 4.

"A touching and beautiful prayer was offered up by Mr. Vincent Colyer, of New York, which was most gratefully appreciated by his fellow-passengers, and thus the long night dragged its slow length along, the monotony being only broken by occasional admonitions concerning our fire, which had already once communicated to the roof.

"Day dawned at last, bringing pleasurable emotions to all—for the storm king had abated his wrath.

"As we issued from our shanty a casual observer would have set us down for a filibustering party, if not a band of brigands. Each man had around his shoulders a blanket, secured at the neck with home made shawl-pins, formed out of sticks; and thus appareled, with the name of "*C. Vanderbilt*" encircling the back of each man, our appearance was ludicrous in the extreme.

"Our good Captain, however, had already started overland to West Harbor to charter a schooner for our conveyance to Stonington. This done, preparations were commenced for leaving. Two ox teams, with wagons, were sent by Captain Frazee for the ladies and children, into which they were placed.

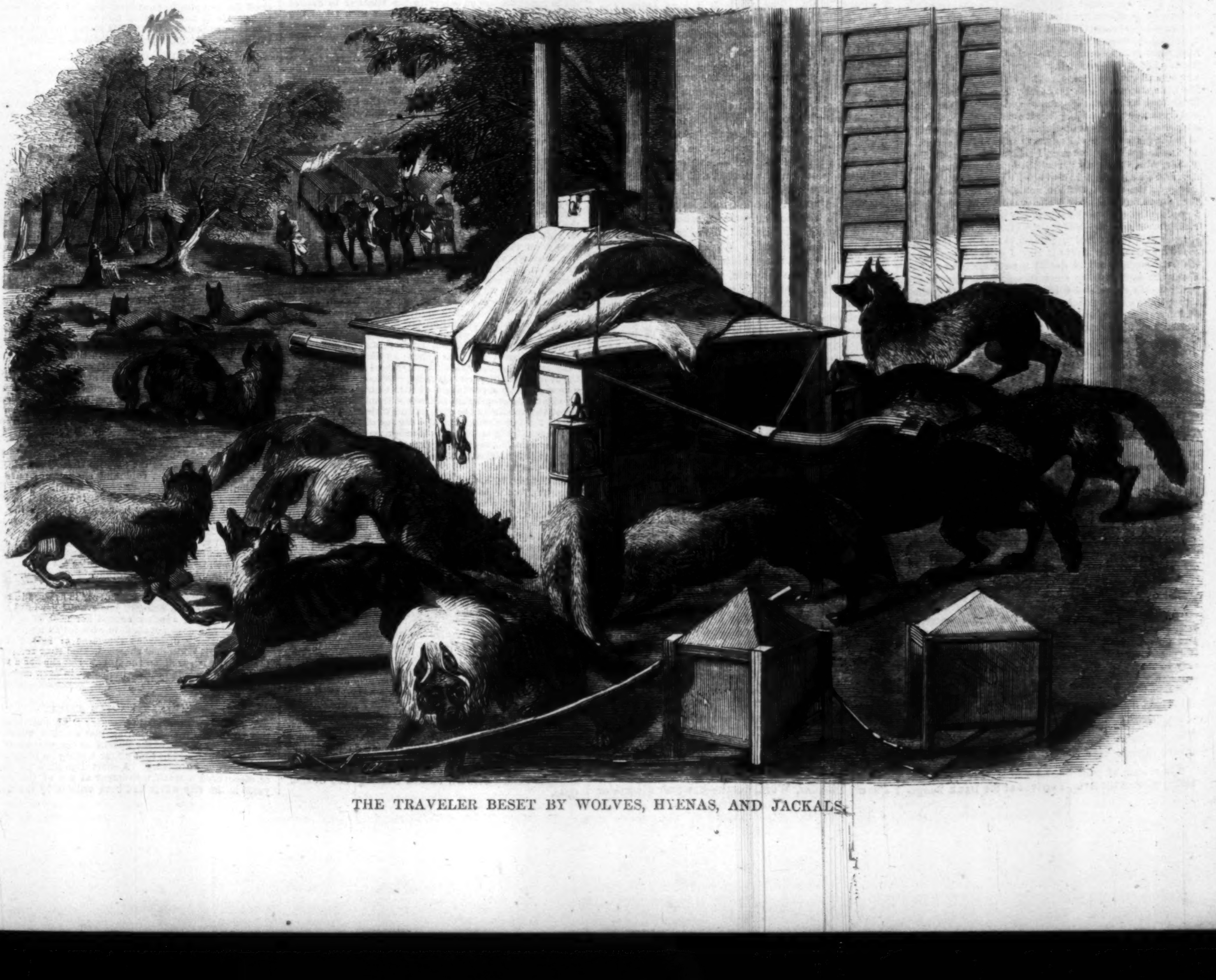
"Many gentlemen had already struck out for the schooner, the rest following with the ox teams. Arriving at the Mecca of all our hopes, we found our schooner aground at ebb tide. This unlooked-for calamity was balanced by finding two fishing smacks, into which we embarked, and squared away for Stonington."

It is pleasant to know that no lives were lost, and that no one imputes the least blame to the captain or pilots of the ill-fated steamer.

PERILS OF TRAVEL IN INDIA.

MR. BENWELL, one of the artists of the London *Illustrated News*, has had some hair-breadth escapes in his recent tour through India. We give his account of them, together with the pictures illustrating the scene:

"I send you a sketch of an adventure which I met with while traveling by dawk. Before, however, I proceed to



THE TRAVELER BESET BY WOLVES, HYENAS, AND JACKALS.

describe it, I will, with a view to render my narrative more intelligible to the English reader, make a few remarks upon dawk-traveling when the horse-dawk is not used; as the palkee gharry, or wheeled palanquin drawn by horses, can not be used on cross-roads generally, nor, indeed, on the Grand Trunk Road when cut into ravines by the rains.

"Every gentleman in India, European or native, possesses a palanquin, or 'palkee,' as the word is here abbreviated: the men who carry it are called bearers, or palkee-walas. It requires four bearers, two at each pole, to bear along the palkee with its occupant, the pace being about five miles an hour.

"As large parties of coolies are kept constantly employed in repairing the main road, it is, for the most part, in excellent condition. This is called the Grand Trunk Road. At some points, where the line passes through dense jungles and thick forests, the timber has been cleared for a distance of a hundred yards on either hand, in order to give travelers a chance of escape when attacked by tigers, the woods in the neighborhood being infested with these animals. I have frequently heard of the ravages committed by tigers in this portion of the Benares road, more particularly among the flocks and herds of the jungle farmers; it had, however, never been my lot to meet with one of these deadly brutes, except on the occasion referred to, the circumstances connected with which I will now proceed to give in detail.

"Arriving at the Topechachie Dawk Bungalow about six o'clock P.M., I ordered tea and a fowl curry, these being the only refreshments, with a few chupatties, which I knew by frequent experience the bungalow afforded. The tea was supplied by myself, it being customary for dawk-travelers to carry this commodity with them. This frugal repast being over, I lit my cigar and took my place in my palkee, and gave the word to 'chulhao,' and promised a few pice as a reward for a little extra exertion on the part of the bearers to enable me to reach the next dawk-station before dark. At that station a torch-bearer would have been included in the new relief. This addition is always necessary in a dark night, the torch being required to show the road, and also to scare away tigers and other wild animals which may be disposed to intrude their presence upon the passenger. I had so frequently passed over this portion of the road without molestation that my thoughts were more occupied in memories of dear old England, and friends far away, than in the dangers of the way, or the wild character of the country through which I was journeying: and so, having finished my smoke, I drew my light razzi around me, as the evenings were chilly, and made myself up as comfortably as circumstances admitted for a sleep. I should here observe that dawk-traveling is performed as well by night as by day, and it not unfrequently happens that several dawk stations have been passed, and as many reliefs of bearers have performed their allotted ten miles without the traveler, who was in the land of dreams, being at all conscious of it. Thus I had often passed a whole night, and found, when I aweke, that I was some eighty miles on my journey; and thus I intended passing the night.

"If there is one thing more than another which shows us our utter dependence upon the care and protection of a kind Providence, it is that want of foresight which we so sensibly feel when any thing out of the common course of events has unexpectedly happened. It was perhaps this reflection that led my mind into a sort of dreamy, pleasing speculation as to the chances of my return to England, and how I should find matters there some two years hence; coupled with these agreeable reflections, the monotonous 'Ugh, ugh! Ha, ha!' of the bearers, and the soothing effect of the motion of the palanquin set me dozing and then busily dreaming, when suddenly, with electrical effect, I felt myself and palanquin jerked violently to the ground. Then followed the most unearthly yells; and, among the shouts of many voices, I could distinguish the words 'Marho, sahib! marho!' The meaning of these words I well know to be 'Kill him, sahib! kill him!' and, with the full anticipation of some danger, I slid back one of the doors and looked out. I naturally turned toward the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and discovered that my bearers were in full flight toward an open space; some were looking round with the utmost terror depicted in their countenances, while others were too intent upon escape to look any where but before them. I now turned my head, with a feeling that some cause, perhaps of an alarming nature, must exist to occasion all this hubbub and excitement. I soon discovered it. About thirty yards ahead was a small stone bridge, spanning one of the innumerable little streams which intersect the road here; some brushwood had sprung up around and partly in the arch; and from this patch of jungle, with stately step and slow, an immense tiger was emerging. I felt at first undecided as to the particular part I ought to take in this awkward affair. Impulsively, however, I seized two large dueling pistols, which were my never-failing *companions de voyage*, and which I kept in two holster pipes, fixed conveniently in the forepart of the vehicle, loaded and ready for instant service. I had also a double-barreled fowling-piece lying along the side of the mattress, and this I remembered was also loaded; thus formidably armed, it may be said that I had not much to fear had the tiger made an attack. Be this as it may, I ardently hoped that his feline majesty would decide upon a different course. Slowly he ascended the embankment on the left of my position, his eyes fixed intently upon me as I looked through the partly-closed door with pistols at full cock, and my fingers on the triggers. To my unspeakable relief he kept his course across the road, still stately and slow—with measured, even step—toward a cover of brushwood which lay off the road about a hundred yards. As he gradually increased the distance between us I felt my breathing become more easy, and the fluttering of my heart more regular. I was now getting impatient for his absence, and so far recovered myself as to bang off one of the pistols toward him, without, however, taking much aim, my object being to quicken his pace, which I hoped the noise would effect. Not so: he turned his head a little more round, and seemed to watch the smoke as it slowly moved away in the calm evening; and, as he slightly slackened his pace to make his observations, I began to repent of my rash temerity, and to regret that I had not left well alone. The report from the pistol seemed to restore courage to the bearers, who resumed their shouts of 'Marho, sahib! marho!'

"By this time the tiger had disappeared in the jungle-patch referred to, and, to my great joy, I heard the bearers drawing nearer. I say *heard;* for my eyes seemed riveted to the spot where I last saw the cause of the varied feelings of excitement to which I had been so unceremoniously subjected.

"I considered it wise, under all the circumstances, to defer any controversy or practical arguments on the subject of the bearers' conduct in deserting me in the time of danger; but intimated that, if they valued their lives, they would make all haste to the next station, about two miles ahead. They accordingly raised the palkee with a will, and with nervous but rapid steps reached a part of the road more open and free from low jungle."

His second adventure was in a journey by dawk from Calcutta to Benares, while suffering from a severe illness. He says:

"In a state of perfect helplessness from the debilitating effect of the fever, I arrived at the Dawk Bungalow, at Doomrie, about eleven o'clock P.M., where I hoped to get a warm cup of tea, for which I had for the last two hours of my journey been longing.

"After knocking at the door of the kitchen—a detached building some twenty yards in rear of the bungalow—for a considerable length of time, the sirdar, or head bearer, returned to the front and told me that he could make no one hear, and that it was his opinion that the two stationary servants had betaken themselves for the night to the village, about a quarter of a mile distant.

"I told him to go at once in search of them, and to take two of the bearers with him, leaving the rest with me, and to be sure that the two mussalchies (or torch-bearers) did not leave the palanquin. This latter precaution I thought of, having noticed that the jungle came very near to the bungalow, and having heard at the last station that this part of the road was infested with tigers.

"Exhausted with the effort of giving these directions, and knowing that at least half an hour must elapse before the khansama's return to his post, I composed myself for a short sleep, the stillness of the night and the cessation from motion being favorable to repose. I soon fell into an uneasy nap, from which I was disturbed by sounds of sniffing close to my ears. Through the cane bottom of the palanquin came a strong, menagerie-like odor, and the sniffing noises increased until I seemed completely surrounded by them.

"I now began to realize my position. Fastening the sliding doors on each side, I peered through the small windows in front, and discovered, to my great consternation, that I, in my frail vehicle, and still more frail state of health, was beset by a pack of hyenas, wolves, and jackals. Now had I been able to stand, with a good stick in my hand, I might have sent the whole pack scouring off into the jungle: but to raise myself into a sitting posture required my utmost efforts, and to stand without assistance was quite impossible. This my fierce visitors seemed to be aware of, for their familiarities became truly alarming. The sniffings increased in vigor, and now and then a concussion against the panels from the violent contact of the snouts of some more eager than the rest showed that they were really in earnest. The short, cachinnatory bark of the hyena was clearly distinguishable amidst the howling of the jackals disappointed of their prey. An occasional knock with my fists against the door inside seemed only to stimulate the pack to renewed attempts to get at me; and I was beginning to give all up in despair, when, to my unutterable relief, a faint glimmer in the distance told me that succor was at hand. The light was from the torches of the mussalchies, who, with the whole party of bearers, presuming on my helpless condition, had, disregarding my orders, been to enjoy a smoke in the village. As the lights approached my assailants rushed pell-mell into the jungle. A howl, loud and of long continuance, dying away in the distant woods, indicated the direction the pack had taken; and, though dismal enough, appealed to my sense of gratitude for deliverance from the throats which gave utterance to it. The next morning I reached a civil station, where I obtained medical assistance and rest, which I badly needed, and in due course came on to Benares."

LITERARY.

Sylvan Holt's Daughter is the title of Miss Meadow's (Holme Lee) new novel, published by Harper & Brothers. In all respects superior to her former stories, this one may be said to approach the works of Miss Brontë in many of its characteristics. The heroine is almost one of that lady's creations. We say almost, with deference to the great admiration entertained by many readers of Jane Eyre for the female characters which the pen of the author has produced; but to speak frankly the opinion with which a careful reading of this book has impressed us, we have not seen in the range of our novel reading a more admirably sketched and completed character than this of Margaret Holt. The story is a love story, the plot—if plot it can be said to have—resting on the peculiarities of Margaret's disposition, growing out of her having been brought up in seclusion by a misanthropic father, so that she has become rather Sylvan Holt's daughter than her own self.

She is loved by a boy companion of her childhood, but she loves a man of the world whom she meets and who loves her—or does he love her? For, after all, that is the question on which the story hangs. The incidents of the story are those of English and Scottish life—nothing improbable, nothing forced, but much that will afford material for discussion to the ladies who will read and ponder on the moral. Can a man love a wife when he once loved another woman, who still lives, a widow young and beautiful, his near neighbor and his wife's bosom friend? With respect to the author of the book, who evidently designs to show that he does love his wife, we don't believe that Colonel Fielding did care a straw for her in comparison with Frances Hamilton, living or dead. But let every one read the story—which is fascinating in its very strange revelations of human feeling—and judge for herself. We say for herself, for we especially commend the book to ladies as worth talking about.

What will he do with it? Why, of course, every one will read it now that it is complete, whether he has read it in the *Weekly* or not. For without saying that it is the greatest of novels, since we are of opinion that Mr. Bulwer has heretofore written the greatest novel ever written, we may, nevertheless, say that this new story is second to only one novel in all the history of fiction. Harper & Brothers publish it in their Library of Select Novels, and also in covers. Readers of the *Weekly* will not expect from us an analysis of a story that has occupied so much of their attention during the past years.

Phillips, Sampson, & Co., of Boston, publish Our Charlie: a little book for little folks, from Mrs. Stowe's pen. Our Charlie seems to be a little fellow of the usual sort, who is amused by a series of stories that are here printed for other Charlies.

Ticknor & Fields send us a volume of Lectures and Addresses, on literary and social topics, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. We have before directed our readers' attention to the sermons of this eloquent and lamented clergyman. The volume before us shows him in another light, and not less favorably. Bold, frank, and practical, his mind seems to have had a grasp on general subjects no less sure than that which he displayed in his theological labors. Whether talking about *Punch*, Dickens, Wordsworth—however diverse or his themes—he was the same free-spoken, clear-thinking, and hearty man. No wonder they loved him so at Brighton, and so lamented him!

A. L. O. E. are initials that have become familiar to young persons on the title-pages of a large number of capital stories published by Carter & Brothers; and we have now two more of the series, forming Carter's Fireside Library, Eddy Ellerslie and The Mine. One of these we have read, and know to be a very readable story; and the other we take on trust, knowing that the initials are not likely to deceive our expectations.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 10th, in the Senate, after the presentation of petitions in favor of the Old Soldiers' Pension and the Homestead bills, the introduction of a bill abolishing the franking privilege, and a proposition to devote Friday and Saturday of each week to the consideration of private claims, the French Spoliation Bill was taken up. Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, made a speech against the bill, to which Mr. Crittenden replied. The question was then taken, and the bill passed by a vote of 26 to 20. The bill appropriates $5,000,000 to satisfy the claims of American citizens for spoliations committed by the French prior to the 31st of July, 1801. The bill making provision for the support of the Military Academy at West Point was passed. A resolution to admit to the floor of the Senate only members and clerks of the House, foreign ministers, members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, ex-Presidents, and ex-Vice-Presidents and ex-Senators, was adopted. Senator Slidell introduced the following bill: "*Whereas*, Cuba geographically possesses a commanding influence over the large and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, of the Mississippi Valley; *whereas*, the island in its present colonial condition must continue a source of injury and annoyance, endangering the friendly relation between Spain and the United States by the aggression of its local authority upon American commerce and citizens, for which tardy redress can only be had by circuitous demands on Spain; and, *whereas*, in the opinion of Congress, and in accordance with the views of the President, as the last means of settling the existing and removing future difficulties, it is expedient that negotiations for the purchase of the island should be renewed; therefore, *be it enacted, etc.*, that $30,000,000 be placed in the President's hands for expenditure, either from cash in the Treasury, or to be borrowed on five per cent. bonds of $1000 each, redeemable in from twelve to twenty years." Mr. Douglas took his seat, for the first time this session.——In the House, a resolution, calling for all the correspondence of our Government with France and Great Britain having reference to the cession of Cuba to the United States, was adopted. Leave to offer a joint resolution requesting the President to interfere in the Mortara case was refused. In Committee of the Whole the Indian Appropriation, the Old Soldiers' Pension Bill, the condition of our Foreign relations, and the state of our political parties, were discussed. Finally, the Committee rose, and the Indian Appropriation Bill was passed, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, January 11, in the Senate, Senator Mason reported a bill authorizing the President to use the land and naval forces in certain cases. Senator Shields introduced a bill for a mail route from Lake Superior to the Pacific. A resolution was adopted, on motion of Senator Davis, calling for the correspondence with respect to the Panama outrage. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, and Senator Wilson made a long speech in favor of the Central route. The remainder of the day was occupied with explanations.——In the House, the Report of the Committee of Foreign Relations on the case of Commodore Paulding was taken up; and, after many votes, a vote of thanks was adopted by 99 to 85; but, on the question coming up to adopt the Report as thus amended, the whole subject was tabled. The Naval Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and speeches thereon made by Messrs. Sherman, Montgomery, and Bocock.

On Wednesday, 12, in the Senate, a Message from the President, stating that the *Wanderer* had really been engaged in the slave-trade, was received. A resolution to appoint Commodore Stewart admiral was laid over. A bill to grant arrears of salary to the Minister to France was lost. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, and speeches made thereon by Senators Green, Brown, Bigler, Foster, Doolittle, Houston, and Iverson.——In the House, an ineffectual attempt was made by Mr. Stephens to report the Oregon Bill. The Naval Appropriation Bill was taken up, and discussed, without result, by Messrs. Washburn, Sherman, Lester, Grow, Howard, Seward, and Jones. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the President's Message, and speeches were made by Messrs. Jenkins, Giddings, and Bowie.

On Thursday, 13th, in the Senate, Mr. Seward introduced a bill to prevent the slave-trade. Its principal provisions are to hire ten steamers, to be manned, armed, equipped, and considered as vessels of the Navy, to be employed to cruise on any of the coasts of the United States, Cuba, Africa, and elsewhere, where the President may judge an attempt is being made to carry on the slave-trade; that any State may pass laws prohibiting the foreign or African slave-trade within its limits; that no ship shall sail for the African coast without a clearance from the District-Attorney, and the Secretary of the Treasury shall designate the ports of Africa where American Consuls shall reside, and where only commerce shall be carried on. The act repeals all acts incompatible with its provisions, and appropriates a million of dollars for the expense of carrying out its provisions. Referred to the Committee on Judiciary. Senator Simmons introduced a resolution for specific instead of *ad valorem* duties; laid over. Personal explanations were made by Senators Houston, Iverson, and Ward. The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up and discussed by Senators Collamer, Broderick, Clark, and Douglas.——In the House, information regarding chaplains in the Navy was sought by a resolution of Mr. Curry of Alabama. The Naval Appropriation Bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. The bill to repeal the law authorizing the change of vessels' names was passed by 78 to 42. The House then went into Committee on the bill to codify the revenue laws, and speeches were made by Messrs. John Cochrane, Barksdale, Clark, and Burlingame.

On Friday, 14th, in the Senate, various local and personal matters were adjusted; among others, extra expenses were allowed Captain Hartstein for the voyage of the *Arctic*. The Pacific Railroad Bill was again taken up, and Senator Bigler's amendment to locate the road between 37° and 43° was lost by 25 to 19. Senator Wilson's amendment to leave the location of the road between 34° and 43° to a commission was lost by 31 to 23. Senator Doolittle moved, and it was adopted, that any contract made by the President should only be adopted after receiving the sanction of both Houses of Congress. By 29 to 23 a motion to recommit was lost; and by 29 to 27 a motion to lay the bill on the table. The Senate then adjourned to Monday.——In the House, the private calendar and various reports of committees were taken up; they occupied the House till the adjournment.

On Saturday, 15th, in the House, the Senate having adjourned over, after some unimportant business, a resolution was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Navy for general information relative to the navy-yards, with a view to facilitating business before the Naval Committee. Another resolution was adopted, which calls upon the Naval Committee to report what legislation is necessary to reduce the expenses of the navy. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill to codify the revenue laws, but the time was principally occupied in idle colloquy on other matters. An irrelevant dialogue ensued between Messrs. Giddings and Cox, of Ohio.

HOW CUBA IS TO BE HAD.

The Democratic members of the Senate held a caucus on Saturday, for the discussion of the President's recommendation relative to Cuba, and Mr. Slidell's bill, providing that thirty millions be placed at the disposal of the President to facilitate negotiations for its purchase. The discussion was very earnest and animated, and the views of the different speakers were widely diverse. No definite conclusion was arrived at, though it is understood that the recommendation of the President was pretty generally favored, and it is believed that Mr. Slidell's bill will pass the Senate.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

Governor Randall's Message was delivered on 13th. The financial affairs of the State are in a favorable condition, and the Governor thinks that not more than two hundred thousand dollars will be required the present year. Liberal appropriations for completing the Lunatic Asylum and House of Refuge are recommended. The Governor favors the Mortgage Stay Law, which he thinks has been greatly misrepresented at home and abroad. He recommends legislation against usury; is opposed to State assumption; and reiterates his opinion in favor of Slavery restriction, and against the admission of more Slave States.

NO MORE MURDERS IN AMERICAN STATE PRISONS.

The State Prison Inspectors have made a report upon the case of the convict Moore, whose death from the effects of the punishment by shower-bath in the Auburn State Prison was illustrated in a late Number of this paper. The Inspectors exculpate the officers of the prison from all charges of intentional recklessness or brutality; but, in view of the danger attending the use of that means of punishment, decide to abolish the use of the shower-bath. The report says:

"Believing as we do that the use of the 'shower-bath,' as a method of punishment, in the prisons of this State, is attended in many cases with great danger, even in the hands of men who will exercise the utmost prudence, it is

"*Resolved*, That from and after this date the use of the shower-bath, as a means of punishment, in any of the State Prisons of this State, be, and the same is hereby, prohibited, and they be discontinued and abandoned, except under the advice and direction of the prison physician."

THE WASHINGTON ART ASSOCIATION.

The Washington *Star* says that the third annual exhibition of the Washington Art Association opened in that city on Wednesday morning, with a larger and better average collection of pictures than on two previous exhibitions. Among the fine pictures that completely line the two exhibition rooms, are contributions by Rothermel, Paul Weber (whose fine pictures of last year will be remembered), Boutelle, E. W. Perry, Lewis Lang, Darrah, Hamilton, E. White, Mignot, Johnson, Tait, Mason, Lambdin, Stearnes, Leutze, Heine, Gignoux, Richards, Oddie, T. Buchanan Read, Stanly, Hall, Waugh, Shuesscle, Rossiter, H. P. Gray, Peele, and others, whose names do not occur to us. In the extremely cursory glance we have been able to give this collection, three pictures especially struck our attention: "The Last Sleep," by Lambdin of Philadelphia; No. 85, a Winter Scene, by Gignoux; and No. 108, a Landscape, by Durand.

THE QUEEN OF THE REPUBLICAN COURT.

The New York correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, evidently a woman, writes:

"When I think of Mr. Douglas's struggles, labors, anxieties, for the last few months, in order to secure his re-election, I conclude that he must have at least a weary life of it. So much was staked—his fortune, his fame, his hope of the Presidency. The time had come when he must rise or set, brighten or go out in the political world. He sold his house at Washington, mortgaged his large property in Illinois, and, during all the burning summer, 'electioneered' abroad, while his wife electioneered quite as successfully at home. On the Sabbath she worshiped devoutly in the Catholic church at Chicago, while during the week she gracefully propitiated the Protestants. At the Lake-View House she exerted a marked personal influence over the gentlemen congregated there, who, as usual, were quite willing to be led by a young, beautiful, and brilliant woman. Educated at Washington, long a 'copyist' for the 'House,' she is thoroughly initiated into chicanery of political life, and knows how to touch with a sure and delicate hand its most intricate wires. That Mrs. Douglas will do her part toward making herself 'lady of the White House' no one who knows her doubts. Give her all wifely honor! She has rescued Mr. Douglas from at least some of his old associations. He is now admitted into society from which he was once excluded. That he is to-day the great man of the political world he probably owes to himself."

OTHER COURT BELLES.

"Apropos of female politicians, Mrs. Douglas is not alone. Mrs. Conrad, a young, rich, and lovely widow, 'who (another has said) has too good sense to marry,' is called the greatest courtiveer in Washington, and exerts no small influence over state affairs. Her full-length photograph, with those of all the other beauties of grandpapa Buchanan's court, is to be seen at Brady's in Broadway. First stands Mrs. Douglas; her physique is splendid—not soft and pliant, but proud and queenly, after the Roman model. Dark hair, eyes, classic features, brilliant complexion, with a commanding rather than winning expression. The picture does not do her justice. Her dress of black silk is not becoming, and is made in a fashion which robs somewhat the grace of her perfect form. Next stands Mrs. Conrad, *all* grace, clad in black velvet with pearls. A wily, a subtle, a beautiful Greek, with far-searching eyes, peach-tinted cheek, and wavy, golden-brown hair. Beside her stands Madame Le Vert, of Mobile, long an *habitué* of Washington, who, for her *social genius*, is pre-eminent above all American women. Madame Le Vert, without being beautiful either in form or feature, has reigned as a 'belle' since she was ten years old. She has traveled widely, has visited nearly all foreign courts, can carry on conversation in six different languages *at one time*, and be equally charming in all. Yet not in her talents, nor in her accomplishments, lies her fascination; but in the genial sweetness, naturalness, and perfect simplicity of her manners, which seem to give her possession of all hearts. Her clear blue eye overflows with the exuberance of kindness, while around the serene mouth all gentle affections seem to have found dwelling. She wears a dress of brown silk with gorgeous bordered flounces, and a crimson rose in her hair. The sweetest compliment I ever heard for Madame Le Vert was uttered to me by one of her personal friends: 'She is like a flower out in nature.' Next her is Harriet Lane, of the 'White House,' Mr. Buchanan's niece. A blonde, cold and statuesque; pure and passionless as marble—one's very admiration gives them a chill. She stands in a veranda, the Capitol in sight. A spray of flowers in her hair falls low upon her bare and beautiful neck. She looks a model of repose; the *very* Miss Lane whom the papers assure us 'receives with great dignity.' And then Lady Gore Ouseley, the Yankee Englishwoman, who had seen fit recently to dip her fingers into Nicaragua affairs; who rules not only her dear 'Sir William,' but our lady-like old President. Well, she is coarse and homely enough; and, according to the notion of your 'Own Correspondent,' is dressed in horrid taste. She wears a string of jets around her head of the size of walnuts; another around her neck of equal rotundity. She does not seem to care for an ample skirt, and has utterly discarded the 'line of beauty' in its 'fall,' for it is 'skimped' shorter behind than before, and the flounces *curve* up on the sides. But she has a falcon eye, and her whole bearing indicates, in even more than an ordinary degree, the woman's *penchant*—power to 'rule.'"

THE MEANEST MAN ALIVE.

We read in the Buffalo *Courier:* "An individual in this city held an execution against another, which was placed in the hands of the Sheriff for the purpose of collecting the claim, but that officer finding no property, it was returned unsatisfied. A short time since the creditor discovered a small monument at one of the marble yards in the city which had been ordered by the debtor to be placed over the grave of a little child he had recently buried. Forthwith this worthy exemplar of Shylock waited upon the Sheriff and instructed him to levy upon the stone. That officer very properly remonstrated against an act so barbarous and unchristian, but without avail. He was threatened with prosecution unless he performed this unpleasant duty, and the stone was accordingly seized and in due time sold. There was no one mean enough to bid upon it but the creditor, and it was knocked down to him. A little monument of a little child, with the names of the parents and their offspring upon it—the figure of a dog, the emblem of fidelity, in an attitude of repose surmounting it—was bought in by this *thing* in human form. As we looked upon the stone and listened to this little history connected with it, we could not help thinking that he who had done so base a thing against his fellow deserved no repose in this world or the next."

PERSONAL.

At the President's "Reception," on Tuesday evening, Dr. Blake presented the visitors to Miss Lane, who was assisted in the duties of the evening by Mrs. Craig, a member of Postmaster-General Brown's family.

By the interposition of mutual friends, the difficulty between Messrs. English and Montgomery, members of Congress, has been amicably adjusted. Mr. English expresses regret for his hasty attack, which was considered by the friends aforesaid as unwarranted by the circumstances.

The Rev. Theodore Parker has been granted leave of absence for a year, by his congregation in Boston. His increasing ill-health compels him to seek a warmer climate, and he will leave for the West Indies immediately. His place is to be supplied, and his salary continues. He was attacked on Sunday with bleeding at the lungs.

We read in the *Express:* "Mr. Collector Schell gave a very handsome entertainment to the new American Ministers to the courts of Madrid and Austria, Messrs. Preston and Jones, on Friday evening. The company was composed of the most brilliant mosaics, politically speaking, ever convened in the city. There were present every shade and thickness of the political Shells—Hard, Soft, mixed, young, old, neither young nor old, crude, cooked, antique, juvenile, angular, and smooth. The Regular, People's, and Tammany Committees were represented with all the nicest shades of distinction. The Republicans between the shading from Sewardism, *per se*, to the free-trade Democracy who have now linked fame and fortune to old-time enmities. The Know Nothings, in their alleged decadence (which we should hardly credit from the full ranks at their reorganization for 1859, the same evening), were like angels' visits, few and far between. The Church and State were harmoniously blended, and there was no danger to either. The State Senate and Assembly, Congress and the Courts, the Literati and the Banks, all hob-nobbed together in the most becoming manner. Mayor Wood and his successor, Mayor Tiemann, Governor King, and distinguished Republicans and Americans. Archbishop Hughes and the fellow he 'pitched out of the window as a vile insect,' if not exactly cheek by jowl, did not snarl or bite one bit. On the contrary, they were as kind and loving as kittens in the same nest."

A communication in the Boston *Traveler* states that a gentleman of Boston has made an offer to the Corporation of Harvard College of the sum of $50.000, the income of which is to be used for the preservation and increase of Agassiz's wonderful museum; that he refuses to have any part expended on a building or in salaries; and also refuses to have his name connected with it. This last provision is in order that the rest of the plan, which is absolutely essential, at least so far as the building is concerned, may be carried out by others, perhaps by the State.

General John Couldock Calhoun, formerly border ruffian dictator in Kansas, is now a quiet citizen of Nebraska City, in Nebraska Territory, where he has, by his urbanity of manners, quiet demeanor, and gentlemanly deportment, won a host of friends.

The Inspectors of State Prisons have appointed the Hon. Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Albany, to the office of Agent and Warden of the Auburn Prison in place of Colonel Levi Lewis, resigned.

The contested will-case of Augustus Thorndike, of Boston, came up in the Probate Court on the 10th of January. The contestants are represented by Rufus Choate and Benjamin R. Curtis. The ground set up is the monomania of the testator.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SAFETY OF THE "WESER."

THE screw steamer *Weser*, which sailed from Bremen for New York on the 4th of December, put into Queenstown, with her pumps choked, and leaking. She had thrown part of her cargo overboard. From the 16th to the 23d she experienced a hurricane, was thrown on her beam ends, sprung a leak, and had seven feet of water in the engine-room, putting out the fires, etc. The coal-bunkers broke adrift and choked the pumps. Temporary pumps were then constructed, and after vigerous exertion on the part of those on board, steam was again got up and the vessel succeeded in reaching Queenstown.

QUEEN VICTORIA ON SKATES.

Queen Victoria skates. In lieu of straps across the instep, each skate is provided with a patent-leather boot. These boots are firmly attached by a strip of plated silver to the clogs, which are of satin-wood, highly polished. The skate irons terminate in front in the appropriate and graceful form of a swan, and both sides are elegantly chased. The cup that forms the receptacle for the heels is silver-plated, and chased with the design of a rose, shamrock, and thistle. The same design is embroidered in white silk upon the black patent-leather, to which it forms a pleasing contrast. The size gracefully corresponds to the small foot of her Majesty, and when mounted on them, 'tis said she looks elegantly.

THE MANAGER OF THE TIMES IN COURT.

About five years ago, Mr. Mowbray Morris, manager of the London *Times*, engaged in the delicate enterprise of helping Mrs. Thomas William Capron to get rid of her husband, on the ground of cruelty. That this interesting relation between Mr. Morris and the ill-used lady led to many interviews it would be superfluous to state. They were the necessary consequence of the relation, and uncharitable would be the heart that would draw from them an inference to the injury of either of the parties. But then there were visits to Richmond, water-excursions, and suppers at hotels, and presents. Mr. Capron was in the course of time informed of these things. He first fell in with Mr. Morris in Paris, while he was walking with the now deceased Mrs. Morris. Mr. Capron brought his cane sharply down upon Mr. Morris's shoulders. So matters seem to have remained until the two parties came together again in James Street, London, on the night of November 5, being the eve of Mr. Morris's marriage with a second wife. Capron, upon seeing him, made a rush upon Mr. Morris, and laid his cane over his head. Capron was arrested on the spot. There was no evidence before the Court that there had been any unlawful intimacy between Mr. Morris and Mrs. Capron, and the counsel for Mr. Morris solemnly assured the Court, upon his professional honor, that there had been none. So Mr. Capron, the assailant, was fined $200, imprisoned three weeks, and put under bonds to keep the peace.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR GOING TO MEDDLE WITH CENTRAL AMERICA.

The London *Globe* Paris correspondent gives this version:

"I am able to state very confidently that the Court of the Tuileries, within the last two or three days, caused Lord Derby's Government to be officially informed that in case England should think fit to take any measures to counteract the American policy indicated in President Buchanan's Message, she may rely upon the support of France to the utmost extent."

M. DE MONTALEMBERT PARDONED AGAIN.

M. de Montalembert's case has gone before the Court of Appeals. At the close of the pleadings the judges retired to deliberate. They remained in deliberation full two hours and a half. On again taking their seats the president, M. Perrot de Chezelles, delivered the judgment of the court, which reduced to three months, instead of six, the term of imprisonment imposed by the Police-court; maintained the three thousand francs fine; but by the withdrawal of one of the counts in the indictment, completely freed M. de Montalembert from the effects of the law of the 27th of February, 1858, under which, even after completing his punishment, he was liable to be transported to Algeria or be exiled. A day or two afterward the Emperor, in renewing his first decision, grants to M. de Montalembert a remission of the sentence definitely announced against him by the Court of Appeal. His Majesty also grants a pardon to M. Donniol, the editor of the *Correspondant*.

MORPHY'S GAME WITH ANDERSSEN.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes: "The grand Chess-match between Messrs. Morphy and Anderssen closed on Tuesday in favor of the American. The game stood—Morphy, 7; Anderssen, 2; drawn, 2. The utmost courtesy and good feeling reigned during the whole course of the match, and nothing occurred between the contestants to mar the good opinion each had formed of the other before commencing the game. It was played, too, without any of those harassing preliminaries which the English insist on, and which render a game of chess a sort of prize-ring or race-course. The two gentlemen met and agreed verbally that the winner of the first seven games should be declared the victor, and that they should commence playing every day at twelve o'clock, in presence of a few invited friends. These were all the preliminaries; and, as the result shows, they sufficed amply. M. Anderssen will return immediately to his class of Mathematics at Breslau, carrying with him the good opinion and the friendship of all who have had the pleasure of meeting him here. Mr. Morphy may now sit down and shed tears at leisure, for he has no more worlds to conquer. It has been a source of chagrin to him that he has not been able to obtain a match with Staunton, so as to put a stop to his boastings and prevarications; but the world will agree that the fault does not lie with Morphy, and that therefore he is to be considered as Staunton's superior so long as the latter refuses a match. Mr. Morphy offers now to play Mr. Staunton, and give him a pawn and a move, but of course no player of Mr. Staunton's supposed calibre would accept such an offer. Mr. Morphy, however, is justified, after the course of Mr. S., in making such an offer; and he says to his friends that he is sure he can beat him with that advantage."

HOW MARIO WAS MADE TO SING.

A Paris letter in the *Express* says: "The opera of 'Rigoletto' has been performed several times this season at the *Italiens*. Originally the part of the Duke was sung by Mario; but up to Sunday evening last a tenor of second class has performed it. Calzado, the manager, finding his receipts diminishing, ordered Mario to be again 'cast' for the amorous Duke. Mario declared the Duke an inferior *rôle*, and refused, point-blank, to obey. Calzado immediately caused the obstinate tenor to be arrested for breach of contract. In court the lovely Mario, his hair neatly parted in the middle, declared, with tears in his eyes, that his voice was failing fast; he couldn't sing Verdi's music any more, indeed he couldn't; above all, this Duke, if he were forced to enact him, would kill the bewitching Mario; in short, the court must plainly see that such an enormity could not be committed in a Christian land. This was very affecting, certainly; but courts are hard-hearted vessels, and this court being no exception, Mario was ordered to sing, or pay Calzado six thousand francs damages for every missing representation. Here was a brutal decision! The injured Mario dried his tears, dragged his hat over his eyes, to the imminent risk of destroying five beautiful curls on the left side of his head (the aforesaid beaver inclining in that direction), and marched home in a rage. He *wouldn't* sing; he'd be —— blessed if he would!—which is the most pious translation I am capable of giving the choice Italian expression which was really employed by the exasperated tenor. 'Wouldn't he?' chuckled the remorseless Calzado. 'We shall see!' So a grim messenger of the law, got up in awful style, called, about three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, at Mario's hotel, and inquired, in his most persuasive tones, if that gentleman would condescend to warble that evening. 'No!' said the tenor, and he said it so savagely, too, that the petrified mermidon retreated immediately, and did not venture to come back for full thirty minutes. He then summoned up courage to return, and actually had the temerity to repeat the same question. Second rebuff, second retreat. At four o'clock, same performance. At half past four, ditto, ditto. Then at five, then at half past five, ditto. Finally, at six, heavy damages staring the tortured tenor in the—pocket, he capitulated, and the victorious bailiff went to the theatre to repeat Cæsar's famous dispatch. Before the rising of the curtain Mario had quite mastered his temper; and save that the part in his hair was slightly crooked, nobody would have imagined for an instant that any thing had occurred to disturb his equanimity."

MARIO'S SALARY.

"This trial has let the public into the truth of one matter relative to which considerable surmise has hitherto existed. The most absurd stories have been told of Mario's salary. He really is paid 168,000 francs a year, which is enough, Heaven knows, for a few trills from a strolling singer. One hundred and sixty-eight thousand francs—$33,600! More than Molière, Corneille, Racine, and La Fontaine, four of France's most glorious names, earned in all their lives. More than was given to the discoverer of steam. Four times as much as this country paid for the services of eleven men, of whom Lamartine was one, who governed France after the Revolution of 1848."

COOKERY TAUGHT IN BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

"Next, as I have before hinted, the French Empire in art and ever fashion, is French Empire in the kitchen; and it is in the kitchen, I think, that France is the great benefactor of the human race—the life prolonger, if not the life preserver. To be a good wife, a woman must be a good cook, a good artist, a good chemist. She must understand a husband's stomach as well as his heart or his head, and a little better too. The Germans recognize all this, and at Aix-la-Chapelle, at Stuttgard, and in most of the large German cities they have cooking and house-keeping schools for young ladies, where they finish off their education, and receive the final polish before they are permitted to become wives. Pity we have not some such schools or customs in America, so that when 'Miss' wishes to become 'Mrs.' she first be examined in the kitchen in 'bread-making,' or 'soups,' 'vegetables,' 'sauces,' 'mutton-chops,' 'roast beef,' or 'turkey.' The German Fraulein (Miss) in the large boarding-schools has her week 'to cook,' and it is pleasant to see her coming from the kitchen with the dishes she has cooked, setting them on the table with her own hands in the most triumphant air, her cheeks all rosy and flushed, and her plain school-uniform dress tucked up on each side to her waist, but displaying, for all that, a handsome embroidered white petticoat beneath, suitable to her rank, which may be that of a Baroness, or of some higher noble family. Cookery here in the Paris boarding-schools is not taught, but it is only because there is little or nothing of cooking to be taught (starvation there and here being the order of the day), but the Misses are made to sweep and dust their class-rooms, and to keep every thing about them in order."

HOOP SKIRTS AND GIGOT SLEEVES.

"In society crinoline is frightful, and the expanse is greater than ever. The 'bustle,' however, is gone, and the hips are left natural, nay, displayed, by having the skirt attached to the waist in very broad plaits. Oftentimes, indeed, the skirts are gored at the waist, but spreading widely out at the bottom, and producing that enormous expansion which hides the under-standings of men in the saloon, and which makes it almost impossible to drive with ball-going ladies in a carriage. Over this expanded crinoline are scattered scores of tassels, buttons, ribbon-bows, ruches of lace and ribbon, fringes, etc., etc., so that woman, below the waist, looks like an inverted pyramid, with various colored *bas reliefs* (hieroglyphics) all over her! The English press, I see, is making desperate war upon this crinoline, as two or three ladies of rank have been burned up by it; and the French have caught up the cry, and added to it, because of a French lady of distinction thus burned up at Pau—but, *cui bono?* not the least—for Fashion just now has been adding on to the past, and now, more than ever, the combustible sex only wear combustible matter. The Gigot sleeves (that is, the leg of mutton sleeves) have been revived—with this combustible disadvantage, that, in aforetimes, they were tight at the wrist, exposing only the upper part of the arm, but now, like the skirt of the dress, they grow larger and larger, and expand all wild and loose, to catch the gas, the candle, or any thing else on fire. These *gigots* are finished off by under-sleeves, composed invariably of yards of lace puffing, so that woman now, near a light, can neither lift up an arm nor stretch out a foot without danger of being burned up. The press here is directing attention to the best modes of 'putting woman out' when on fire, and I have an idea of suggesting to 'Figaro' the employment, at balls, of pompiers (the paid city firemen), with caoutchouc hose, to extinguish ladies when they begin to blaze and burn."

MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA, AND HOW HE KEEPS IT.

"'Dinorah' is the name of a new comic opera, by the illustrious Meyerbeer, shortly to be produced at the Opera Comique. The Parisians, who are incorrigible laughers at every thing, do not hesitate to turn into ridicule the weak points of the great composer.

"In the strong room of the Opera Comique there is, they say, an iron chest of formidable dimensions. This chest has a double lock, with two tremendous keys. One of these keys is carried by Meyerbeer; the other by Nestor Roqueplan, director of the Opera. In the chest lies the score of 'Dinorah,' reposing upon a crimson velvet cushion with gold fringe. Eight guards, armed to the teeth, relieving each other at intervals, keep watch day and night before the chest, with orders to fire upon any body who refuses to keep his distance after being commanded so to do. At noon the company of the theatre is assembled and solemnly marched past the sacred chest, each participant prostrating himself before the relic, as practiced in China before the head of the Celestial Empire. After this ceremony there remain in the apartment only three persons—Meyerbeer, the manager, and the sentinel, who dies but surrenders not. This veteran is ordered to go into a corner of the room, with his face to the wall, so that he may not witness what is to occur. All the preliminiaries being satisfactorily settled, Meyerbeer turns his key, the manager turns his, the ponderous door of the chest opens, and the two extract such portion of the manuscript as may be required. Meyerbeer then gives Roqueplan a formal receipt; Roqueplan gives Meyerbeer another; then the chest is carefully closed, the sentry resumes his post, and the two chiefs carry away the precious bits of music, which are taught upside-down to the artists, in order to prevent any possibility of theft or plagiarism.

"It is added that, one day, the 'Bacchante,' then playing nightly to crowded houses, took it into her silly head to enter the sanctuary.

"'Who goes there?' cried the sentry, who dies, etc. The Bacchante replied by a loud burst of laughter.

"'Who goes there?' again cried the sentry, who dies, etc. And, as the Bacchante continued to laugh, an explosion took place, then a sigh, then the fall of a body upon the floor, then—silence! And the Bacchante, struck down in the full tide of success, was heard no more.

"This is what the Paris wits say."

FUNERALS A MEANS OF ADVANCEMENT.

A Paris letter says:

"A rather new and ingenious method of pushing one's fortunes is the subject of conversation here. Attending funerals is so arranged in Paris that an opportunity of scraping acquaintance with influential people, either at Père la Chase, or in Mortuary Apartment, or at the service in church, is too good a chance to be thrown away. A lately-deceased gentleman, who had been made a *prefet de departement*, to the wonder of his friends, actually obtained that post by assiduous attendance on the obsequies of folks where he is likely to meet statesmen; the Minister who appointed him taking it for granted that he belonged to a very high class of society, from constantly seeing him at these grand gatherings."

END OF THE LAST IMPERIAL FAVORITE.

"The Countess of Castiglione," says the Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, "who two years ago was the brightest star in the galaxy of the Court of France, and whose return to Italy was the subject of numerous conjectures, has lately separated from her husband. When the Count and Countess commenced their visits to the courts of Europe they possessed a fortune of between three and four millions of francs. In the course of four years they have managed to spend nearly all this fine fortune. The Countess returns to a half-ruined castle on a small patrimonial estate, where the lovely half-widow intends living the life of a recluse, devoting herself to the education of a beautiful little son, seven years old, and reflecting on the vanity of worldly pleasures."

THE COUNTESS DE MORNY A PILOT BALLOON.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* says: "We have just had a flying visit from the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. The Emperor has himself waited upon him at the Russian embassy, and the attentions bestowed upon him are of the most devoted character. He found time on Tuesday evening to visit the Bouffes Parisiennes, in the Passage de l'Opera, a small theatre more especially patronized by juvenile members of French society. He was attended by the Count and Countess de Morny and the Russian embassador and embassadress, Count and Countess de Rissaleff; and it may be interesting to some of your lady readers to know that while the Russian Countess appeared in the capacious sleeves and magnificent cuffs which have so long sympathized with the full flowing skirt of the existing epoch, Madame de Morny presented before the Grand Ducal eyes a tight-fitting sleeve of black silk, in every respect the perfect antipodes of her companion. She wore a white lace bonnet and pink plume, but the robe of sable silk was of the simplest and plainest description, and only remarkable for its Quaker-like exactness. As it is insisted by those in the secret that her Majesty the Empress has cast off no less than ten *jupes*, leaving herself in semi-nudity, with only four, who knows but that the fair Countess de Morny may be thus shot out as a sort of pilot balloon to try the force of fashion's gale?"

A THOUSAND-DOLLAR DRESS.

A Paris letter writer gives the following description of an absurd article of dress, which has just been revived by the ladies of that city:

"I am half inclined to say that the greatest of all events just now is the invention of a new dress. But such a dress! If husbands and fathers were ill-advised enough to raise an outcry about crinoline, what will they do now? The dress I speak of is one to make which about eight-and-twenty or thirty yards of stuff are required, and the vestment is thought to look best when made of velvet. Now just fancy a dress of thirty yards, composed of velvet at six dollars a yard. The garment itself is little else than what used, under Louis XIV. and XV., to be called a 'grand habit.' It is a visiting dress, and is curious as to its form and sit. Skirt and body hang together, and are held to each other by the back in a very singular manner; the back of the body spreading out into a kind of long, large cape as it falls upon the skirt. The body is rather loose, like what is called a 'caraco,' and does not fit to the waist. The dress buttons all down the front. The width of the dress at the bottom is of eight yards, and upon every seam are sown ornaments in *passementerie*, called 'brandebourgs.' Such a dress may easily be brought to cost $1000, and can not cost less than $150."

ITALY.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION AGAIN.

The Naples correspondent of the *Daily News* writes: "With regard to Vesuvius, its activity is increasing daily, and there is every probability of an eruption, or some other catastrophe. On visiting Rosina, and conversing with the guides, they gave me many interesting details, all proving that the mountain must present a very splendid spectacle, and threatens a great explosion. The report which I have received to-day from the guides runs thus: 'Last night, at half past eight o'clock, smoke ascended from the crater of 1855. There was a great noise, and a number of orifices were laid open. At the foot of the Hermitage the lava has covered over several houses, and continues to destroy the country in the neighborhood, where twelve currents are perceptible. On Monday last twenty-two currents were perceptible. Two craters have been measured, and it has been discovered that one has a depth of 600 feet, the other of 620 feet. There are others of greater and less depth. There are two which, being empty underneath, are too dangerous to be measured. They are split in the circumference, and have various fissures. In the past month there was a bed of fire full a mile long.'"

RUSSIA.

THE HEALTH OF THE DOWAGER.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "The Empress Mother, widow of Nicholas Paulovitch, has been taken alarmingly ill, and was for several days in so dangerous a state that her life was despaired of. She has always had such bad health that she may be said to have been dying for the last ten years or more, and has only been kept alive by artificial means, either passing the cold season in milder climates or living here shut up in well-heated apartments, during the whole of our terrible long winter. Her husband purchased for her the villa of Olivazza in Sicily, where she spent some time, and derived considerable benefit from her residence there, and since the peace she has traveled a good deal in Germany and Italy, passing the winter of 1856 at Nice. She returned to St. Petersburg to assist at the nuptials of her youngest son, Michael, with the Princess Cecilia of Baden, and has resided here or at Tsarsko Selo ever since, being, it seems, too weak to undertake another journey south. To look at her you would think she had scarcely an hour to live, but, though repeatedly at death's door, she always contrives to rally again, and has thus lingered on, year after year, until she has attained the age of sixty. According to the bulletins of yesterday and to-day there is a decided improvement, and hopes are entertained of her recovery. Her son Constantine, who is now at Villafranca, has been telegraphed for, and may be expected here shortly, unless the more favorable accounts he will receive now should induce him to continue his journey to Compiègne, where an interview has been arranged between him and Louis Napoleon. The old Empress, who is a sister to the King of Prussia, is said to be greatly beloved by her family, though, owing to her infirm health, she has never been seen much in public, and the people, therefore, know very little of her."

SYRIA.

AN ARCHBISHOP IN TROUBLE.

A letter from Beyrout, of the 26th ult., gives the following details of the recent outrage on the Archbishop of Sour: Two days ago Mgr. Athanasius, the Archbishop, proclaimed the use of the Gregorian calendar for the Greek Catholics of his diocese. In the evening at vespers, while the prelate was officiating, eight or ten individuals, sailors and fishermen, rushed on him, dragged him from his seat, stripped him of his pontifical robes, and after driving him and all the priests from the church, closed the door, and carried off the key. The Archbishop confined himself to addressing a few mild words to his assailants, but what he said remained quite unattended to. The local authorities, instead of interfering, referred the matter to the governor of Beyrout, M. E. de Lesseps, the French consul-general, and Mgr. Valergo, the patriarch and delegate of the Holy See, demanded that a striking satisfaction should be given to the Archbishop, and a public functionary has been sent to Sour to have the culprits arrested and brought to Beyrout, where an examination will take place. The change in the calendar appears to have been the only cause of this outrage, and the Archbishop, before deciding on the alteration, had received the assent of upward of 4000 of his flock.

INDIA.

MORE GREASED CARTRIDGES.

Mr. Russell, after commenting on the variation in the bore of the Enfield rifles, which, he says, renders at least 12 per cent. of them too small for the ammunition, says: "As I am talking of cartridges, I may add that great excitement has been created in a regiment of military police at Lucknow, in consequence of their finding Enfield cartridges greased with pig's and cow's fat in the ammunition served out to them for service. We walk, indeed, on slumbering fires in this sultry India. Here were the greased cartridges in the cartouch-boxes of Hindoos of all castes and of Mohammedans—all repugnant to the fat of cow or pig! The native officers acted admirably; they searched the men's pouches, and had the Enfield packages removed, but some of the men cried bitterly, and seemed to think Government was ruining them in this world and the next. The worst of the matter is this: the cartridges were, no doubt, placed among the other ammunition for the worst purposes by some scoundrels who have had access to our magazines! An investigation into all the circumstances is taking place at Lucknow, and measures have been adopted to examine the ammunition in future, and to prevent the recurrence of such a dangerous event."

AUSTRALIA.

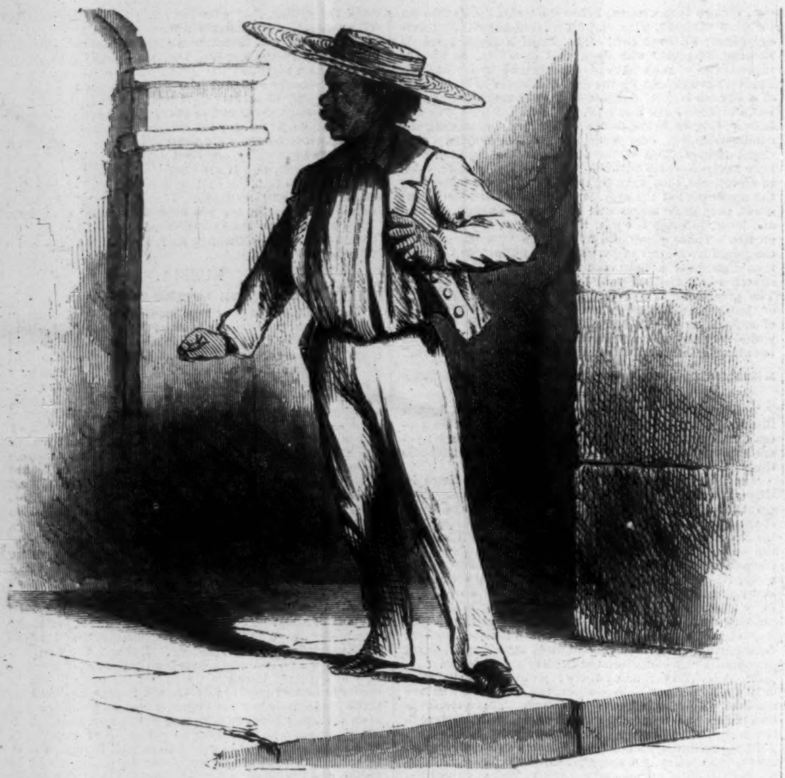
HAIRLESS MEN.

We read in the Bombay *Telegraph:* "Some time since a paragraph appeared in a New South Wales journal relative to the discovery, in the far interior, of a new race of blacks, 'who had no hair on the top of their heads, in the place where the wool ought to grow.' The account of this most extraordinary discovery has been corroborated by an eye-witness, a Mr. Thomson, who has arrived from where the aboriginals ruralize. They are, he says, of a copper color, and are tall and athletic, much superior in every respect to their dark-skinned brethren. The women are also said to have more claims to beauty. They, however, are also deficient of what is generally acknowledged to be the 'glory of woman.' Mr. Thomson, it appears, was at camp on the Upper Balonne, with others, on ground hitherto untrodden by a white man, when he was surprised by a visit from these bald-pated copper-colored beings. They appeared to have friendly intentions, and as nothing was noticed in their conduct of an aggressive nature, a conversation of nods and signs ensued. After a while, a sovereign was shown to them, when one of them, picking up a stone, pointed with his finger to the far west, and intimated that stones of a similar description to the sovereign were to be picked up on the ground in masses as large as the stone he held. The place was understood to be some hundred miles further in the interior, but they signified their intention of bringing some of these stones at their next visit. Mr. Thomson intends to return again to the Balonne, and to await their arrival. If this story be true, the age of wonders truly has not ceased."

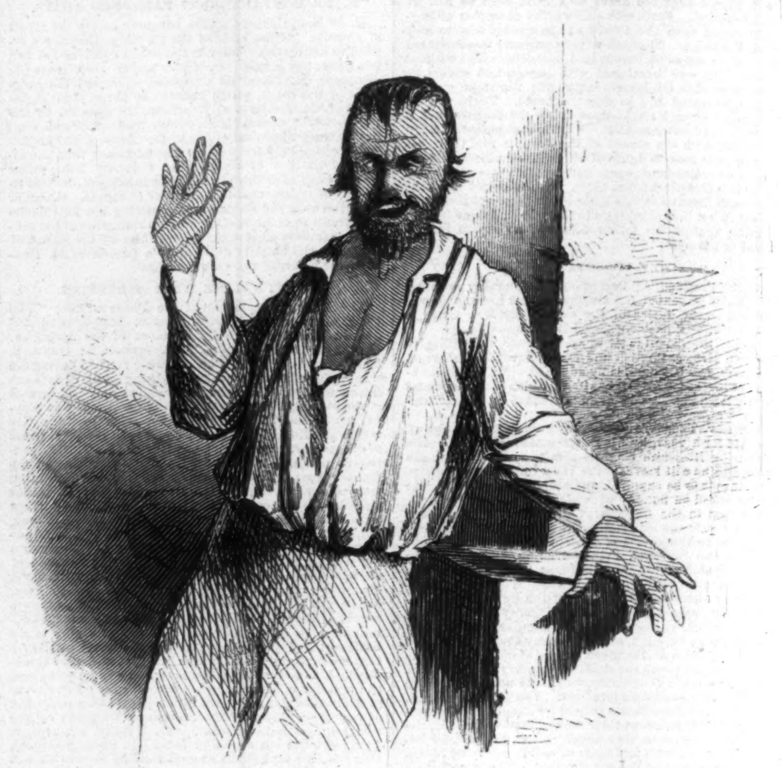
MEXICO.

THE LATEST REVOLUTION.

The steamship *Tennessee* has arrived at New Orleans from Vera Cruz, bringing advices from the capital to the 6th inst., and from the latter city to the 9th. On the 20th of December General Echeagaray issued a *pronunciamiento* and declared himself President, but the movement, unfortunately (or fortunately, perhaps) for him, was not seconded at the capital, and his movement failed in consequence. On the 23d the troops pronounced in favor of General Robles, and were followed by the populace, whereupon Zuloaga, as already announced, took refuge in the house of the British Minister. General Robles immediately issued a call for a Junta, to consist of three delegates from each State, and on their assembling they elected, on the second ballot, General Miramon as President, by a vote of 80 against 44 for General Robles. Miramon was expected soon from Guadalajara, and Robles would remain in power until his arrival. Meantime the advices from Vera Cruz represent the Juarez Government to be firmer than ever, the Liberals having captured Jalapa and Cordova, and being about to make a demonstration against Orizaba.



THE PADRE OF MAZATLAN.



THE SEXTON OF MAZATLAN.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL ON THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

[*Second Article.*]

SUCHIL, *November*, 1858.

FROM Tatahuicapa we made but one day's journey to Trinadad, eight leagues distant, where we arrived before night. We drove up to the Casa del Communidad as usual, and were welcomed by a dozen drunken natives and fifty dogs; the dozen drunken men were soon after joined by about twenty more, all in a beastly state of intoxication. Upon investigation I found that every man in the village was in the same state. Their excuse for getting drunk was that they had lost a fellow-townsman, and it was customary on such occasions to get up a "big drunk," as a testimonial of respect to their departed fellow citizens.

Our road now lay through groves of plantains, bananas, oranges, and sweet lemons—a fruit that I had never seen before, but which I found to be very palatable; they are perfect lemons, and very sweet. I procured some of the seed, which I intend to send to the States for the satisfaction of the curious. It had been decided, after a fruitless effort to follow the engineers' path, to turn into the mountains. By striking well to the south we would cross the head waters of all the large rivers in our path.

It appears that but few white men ever traveled the road indicated; it had never been surveyed nor explored, and consequently was an uncertainty. It was decided on, however, and B—— and Lenares proceeded to make a fresh bargain with the guide; but he had disappeared, carrying with him the two dollars we had given him on the performance of his office. We were sorely vexed, but there was no help for it. We engaged a fresh guide, and prepared to depart under his pilotage.

The word was given to mount, when B——, who had his foot in the stirrup, cried out to José to "take care of his mule;" while he, darting down the street, disappeared in a house near the Communidad. Judging from B——'s actions that something urgent was on hand, I followed at the top of my speed, and arrived in time to see B—— "shaking up" our identical renegade of a guide, who had pocketed his fee and then refused to comply with his agreement. The old villain was very profuse with his excuses, and asseverated that he had made a bargain to guide us to Algodonal; but we had changed the route, and were going to another place, therefore he concluded that we did not want his services any more, and had consequently retired to his house to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. B—— was not to be cajoled; he demanded his *dos pesos;* the guide shook his head and prepared to argue the matter. B—— seized him, and, giving him a premonitory shake, declared that unless the money was refunded immediately he would shake his head off; and B——'s premonitory shake (which was terrific) had the desired effect. The guide's brother, who was present, turned down the blankets on the tambourine bed, and discovered our two identical dollars of small change that had been paid him the morning previous. B—— dropped the Indian, seized the money, and made his exit triumphantly from the house, declaring that he "never would allow these scoundrels to cheat him any more—that if there was no law to be found that would bring them to justice, he would make a law that would answer all purposes."

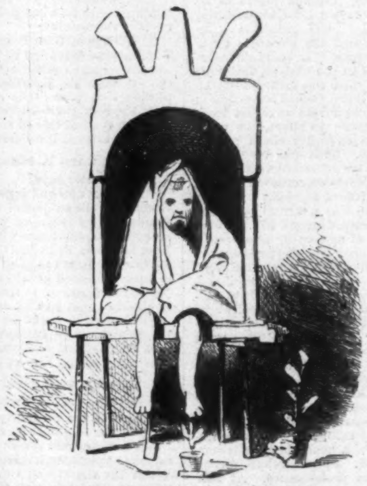


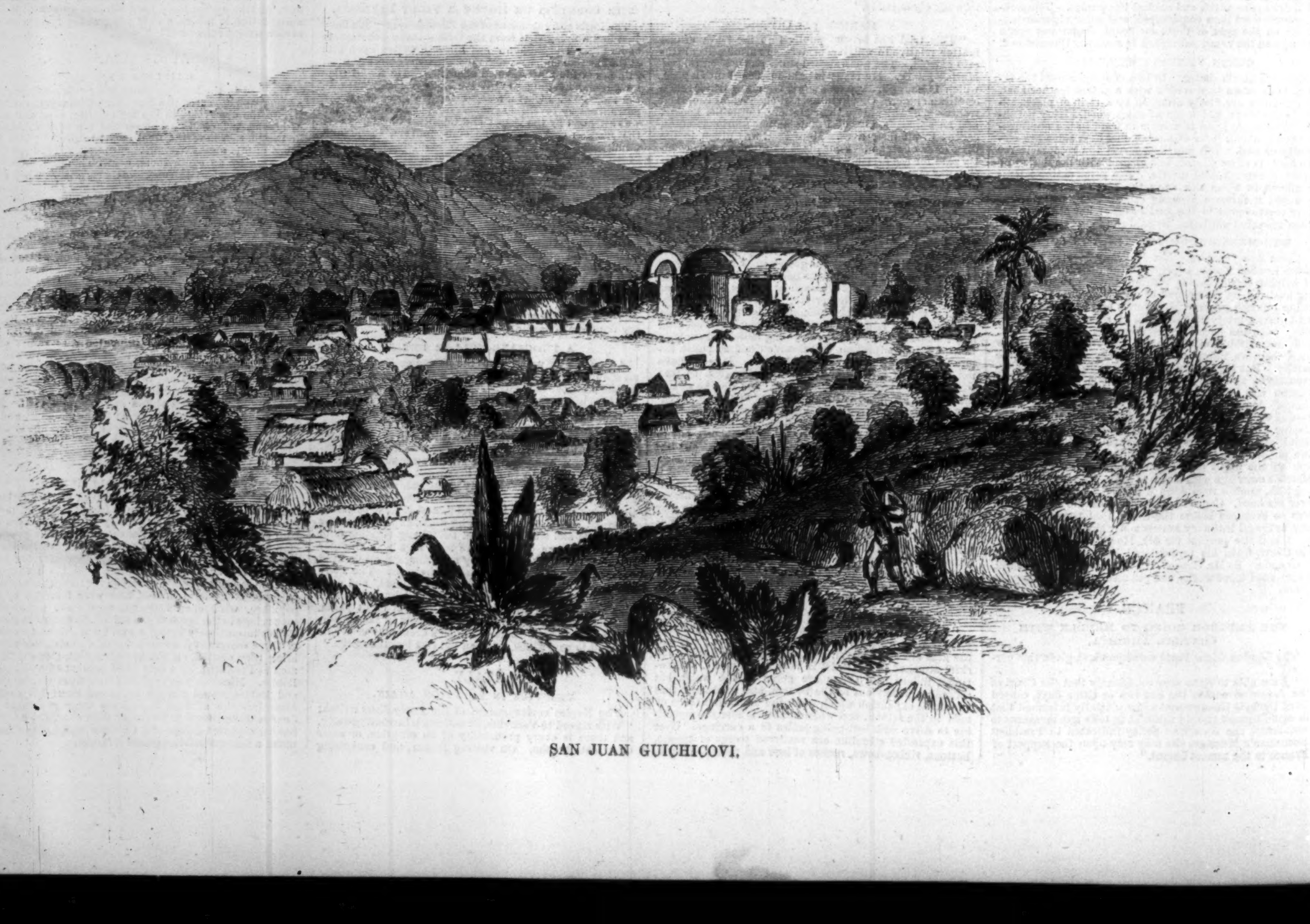
IMAGE IN THE CHURCH AT SAN JUAN GUICHICOVI.

The guide's family followed us to the door, filling the air with their expostulations and excuses, while the guide expressed his perfect willingness to show us to any town on the Isthmus; but having proved him to be a dishonest scoundrel, we dispensed with his services.

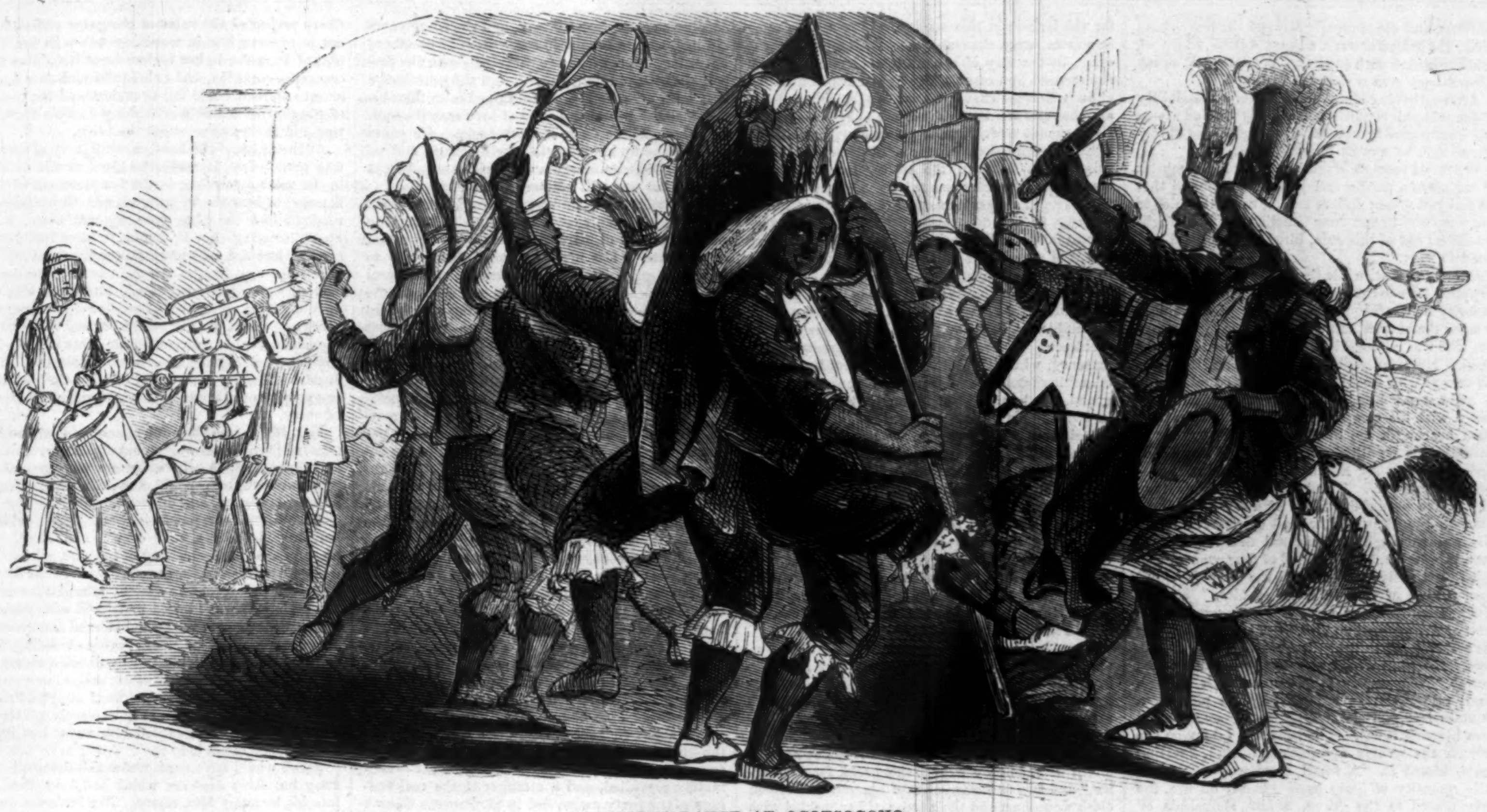
We hired a fresh guide and began our ascent of the mountains. At the bottom of the hill—the extreme limit of the "corporation"—stand three ancient-looking crosses, surmounting a large stone altar. These crosses are very common in this country, and are used as a sort of altar on which to deposit different articles of produce in the light of a sacrifice; for the natives, notwithstanding the introduction of Catholicism, are idolatrous to a degree.

The practice of polygamy is not tolerated here; but incest is of common occurrence. I have met several instances of the marriage of a brother and sister, and have seen one case of a father living with his own daughter. These things may sound strange to you, but they are not at all uncommon here.

From our camp ground on the top of the mountain we had a very wet and disagreeable time of it; it rained nearly without cessation for two days, in fact, until we arrived at the village of Ocotsocono, by far the most interesting spot that I saw upon the journey. It is situated in a slope, on the summit of a tremendous mountain, up the sides of which we had been journeying for over two days. Three quarters of the year the place is enveloped with fog, and in the rainy season the cold is very intense. It contains some nine hundred inhabitants, every one of whom is troubled with some pulmonary complaint. Coughing and expectoration is quite the rage here, and no wonder! The natives here wear the same dress that they do in the valley—the thin white cotton shirt and pantaloons.



SAN JUAN GUICHICOVI.

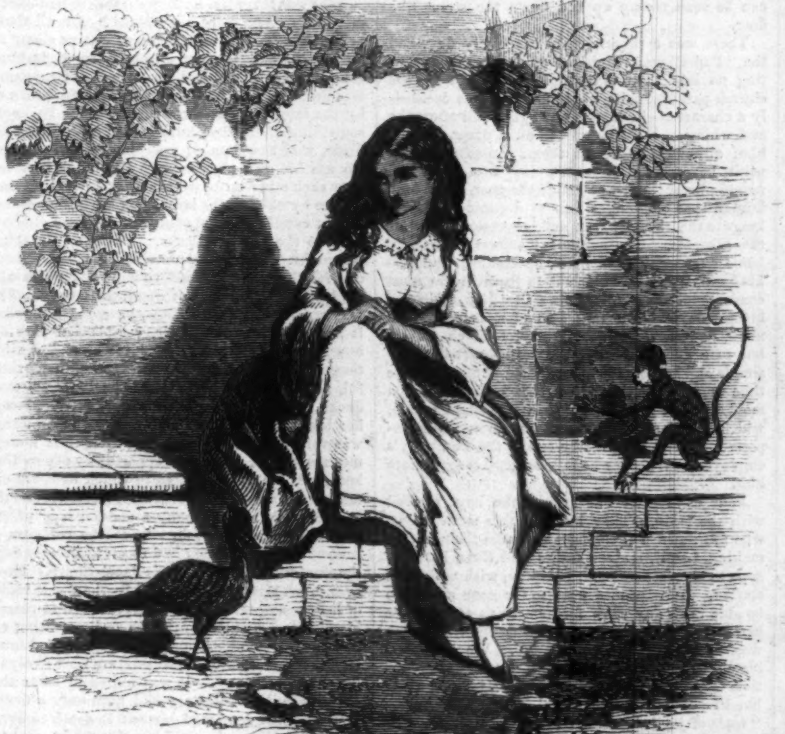


RELIGIOUS DANCE AT OCOTSOCONO.

We found a fire very acceptable. From the door of the Casa del Communidad you can look across the valley, which lies 3000 feet below you, to a corresponding mountain on the other side. The scenery is wild and grand to a degree beyond description. The vegetation partakes a little of the tropics. Plantains, bananas, and oranges grow here in spite of the cold.

The natives are all mountaineers, and carry a staff to help them up and down the tortuous paths of the mountains. A "Feast" was in operation when we arrived here (I believe that every day set aside as a holiday, or for religious observance, is called a "Feast-day." In the Mexican calendar there is one for every day in the year), and on Sunday I witnessed two very singular dances, morning and evening. In the morning eight men collected in front of the church, and executed a dance, which, from the singularity of the dress and dancers, completely took me by surprise; and it was enough to surprise any body, I think. The dancers wore white shirts, Mexican pantaloons, bells around their ankles, castanets on their hands; while their faces were enveloped in hideous masks, carved of wood, and representing birds and beasts. They danced to the musical thumping of a drum and the loud blasts of a trumpet, which, from its size and shape, was identical with the instruments which were blown when Jericho's walls went down. I have endeavored to give you a representation of the principal figure in the dance. It was highly amusing, and furnished me with food for meditation all day.

In the afternoon, hearing the sound of the drum, I hastened to the church in the hopes of seeing the same sight, when, lo! the scene was changed. The dancers were, I presume, the same, but the dress was entirely changed. Now, they wore crowns of tinsel, surmounted by tall white feathers; bags of wool upon their heads, which looked like the wigs worn by the English judiciary; red jackets, trimmed with tabs of ribbons; and blue velvet pantaloons, trimmed with lace. (Where did they get these things?) In one hand they carried a red handkerchief; and in the other a symbol, representing produce of some kind—sugar-cane, corn, cotton, etc. One, who appeared to be the leader, carried a large red flag (silk), while the one that danced opposite to him had a carved hobby-horse's head and body, such as is used by the clown in a circus on many occasions. He carried a knife and platter, and every few moments he would make a cut through the air with the knife, and then wipe it on the platter. It was altogether a singular affair, and looked very *Mardigrasish*. B—— and myself tried our best to find out the meaning of it, but could not succeed. All that we did discover was that the dance was a part of the religious festival.

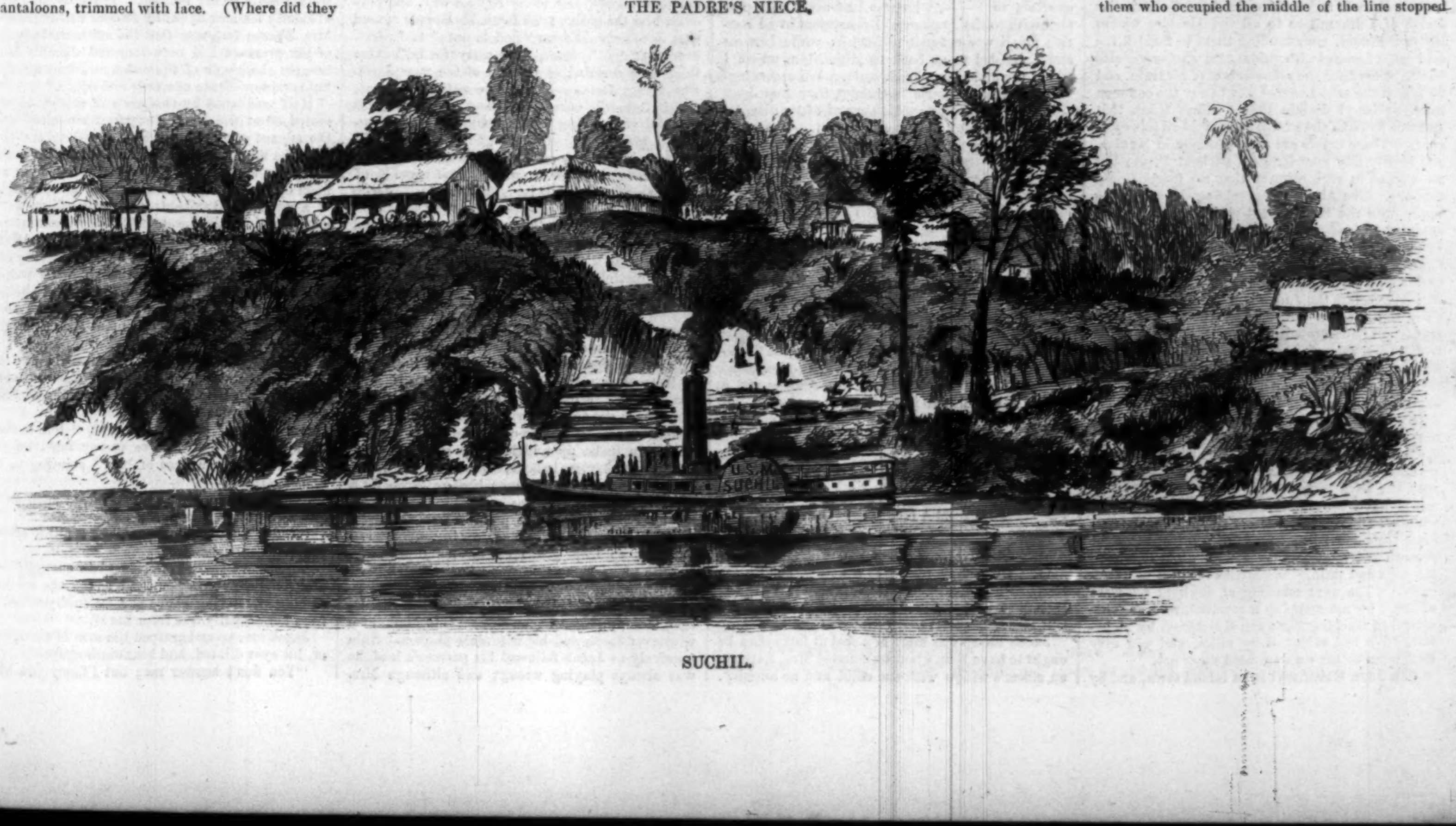


THE PADRE'S NIECE.

We had some very dangerous places to go over; one, particularly, I will mention, which will give you some idea of the rest. Our path lay directly over the top of a very high mountain, one side of which was nearly perpendicular, and, of course, the trail must run on that side. I had not been obliged to dismount as yet, but when I got a glimpse of this place I was off in a twinkling, and so were the rest of the party. We were perfectly satisfied to lead our mules over this ground.

Our path was about a foot in width, and was cut in the side of the mountain. Down one side of the path you could look a sheer thousand feet without meeting any obstacle, until your eye rested upon the woodlands of the valley below, which crept up the side of the mountain until the ground became too steep to admit of support.

On the other side of the path you could look up fifty feet, and see nothing but a frowning ledge of rocks above you, up which the chamois would find it impossible to travel. As I said before, we led our mules around this point, and were extremely gratified to think that we had saved any of them; but the poor brutes seemed to realize the danger of making a false step, and passed over it bravely, and, with one exception, without trouble. One of them who occupied the middle of the line stopped



SUCHIL.

midway, and consequently stopped the rest behind him. He halted about a minute, during which we held our breath with anxiety. We dared not speak a word—not even a cheerful "git up!"

After satisfying himself of the utter impossibility of bettering his condition, he quietly walked across and commenced to crop the stunted grass as unconcerned as if he was on a level prairie.

When we reached Mazatlan we made a muster of our means, public and private, and found that we had just fifteen dollars among us, with which to make our way to San Juan Guichicovi. We bought provisions out of this sum, hired a guide, and prepared to start.

After breakfast, while the boys were packing up, I strolled over to the church, where I found another curiosity in church ornamentation. I attempted to enter the church, but was prevented by the sexton, who was so inebriated that he could hardly stand. He attempted to apologize, and give me the reason why I could not enter. Not being able to understand him, and feeling somewhat disgusted with his company, I turned to go away, when he caught me by the arm, and striving to maintain his equilibrium, he pointed down the road, attracting my attention to a mournful procession coming up. Thinking that perhaps they might have something to do with my non-admittance to the church, I waited to observe them. When near enough, I discovered that it was a funeral procession, and consisted of four women, preceded by a native who carried the body (a child) upon a kind of tray in front of him. The old drunken nuisance at my elbow staggered to the front of the procession, and led the way, chanting the "Requiem" to the grave, which I had not noticed before, but which was dug by the side of the church. The women each bore in their hands a small tallow candle, around which a piece of a plantain leaf served for a shade to keep the wind from blowing it out. The body was laid upon the ground, the women approached it, and, kneeling down, kissed it. A small cross was erected, a little quantity of *Guap anoli* was set on fire, the body placed in the grave, a few shovelfuls of earth was placed upon it, when the native, jumping into the grave, commenced to stamp it down, stopping every few moments to throw in a few more shovelfuls, which were stamped down in the same manner. I have since seen two natives with heavy rammers ramming down the earth on a newly-filled grave. The women left the grave, and arranging themselves around the door of the church, placed their candles upon the steps and commenced a low, monotonous chant. When I returned to the house I found every thing in a high state of excitement. It seems that the guide had refused to perform his agreement because it rained. B—— was raving! The Alcalde had been called in, and had commanded the refractory guide to depart with us; but he incontinently refused, snapping his fingers at the consequences, which in this country are rather severe upon Indians who accept pay for services and then refuse to comply. They are generally put in the stocks, and kept there long enough to completely dampen all desire to repeat the "misdemeanor." In the present instance, however, the old villain defied and braved all law; throwing the money upon the ground, he announced that he broke the contract, and that he would not go upon any consideration.

After some discussion Lenares, who, as I have mentioned before, is a bit of a lawyer, and understands the Indian character pretty well, opened his pocket-book and took therefrom an old passport dated three years back, bearing the great seal of Mexico in red wax, unfolded it in a very pompous manner, and holding it up before the Alcalde, asked him if he observed that?

The Alcalde said that he did.

Quoth Lenares, "Read it."

The Alcalde excused himself by stating that that very important part of his education had been neglected (which Lenares knew).

"Then," said Lenares, "I'll read it to you. Listen!"

Whereat he commenced one of the most profound romances that I ever heard.

He commenced and read the document through—making it to be a general order from the Superior Judge of Tehuantepec to all the Alcaldes within his jurisdiction, commanding them to furnish the said Señor Lenares with guides, and whatsoever else he might need for the safe-conduct of his train, and for which the said Lenares was to pay the common market-price (I declare that I didn't think that Lanares had half the genius he evinced on this occasion). These orders are very common in Mexico, and hardly any traveler goes without them; but we started in such a hurry that we forgot to obtain one. The Alcalde, recognizing the seal, came down from the independent position that he had assumed and offered to respond for the old man. Lenares went on to say that he should start immediately, and that if he met with loss or detention on the road he would cite the municipal officers of Mazatlan before the Judge and claim his damages. Then the Alcalde did weaken; calling a young man out of the crowd, he commanded him to go with us and show us the way. The boy picked up the money, and before we were ready for a start two guides appeared with their wallets ready for our departure and orders.

It was now decided that four of us—B——, Lenares, Quail, and myself—should pick out four of the best mules, saddle them, and start at daybreak with one of the guides, leaving the other to remain with the boys to take care of the animals (they would have provisions enough for three days), while we endeavored, by hard riding, to make San Juan Guichicovi in a day, from whence we would procure and send back provisions immediately to the boys and train. We carried the idea into execution. The next morning at daylight we were off, and, by not stopping a moment, we were successful in reaching San Juan Guichicovi by nightfall. We had ridden sixty miles, and you may imagine whether we were used up or not.

San Juan Guichicovi is an inland town, and by far the largest in this section. It is said to contain some seven thousand inhabitants, and a curiosity, in the way of a church, said to have been commenced by Cortéz. The legend respecting the church is somewhat profane, but is believed by all the natives in this section. It states that Cortéz made a contract, or promise, with the long-tailed, cloven-footed Master of Darkness to build this church between the setting-sun and cock-crow, and the mortar was to have been mixed with the white of an egg (whether it was the white of *one* egg or not deponent saith not). However, Cortéz failed, only succeeding in getting it half up; and it is stated that nobody has had the temerity to attempt to finish what the great Cortéz failed in accomplishing, and there it stands to the present day black with damp, mould, and vegetation. As it stands now, it shows the genius of some master-architect. Its arches are beautiful specimens of masonry, while its front shows a perfect knowledge of architectural embellishment. Its proportions are grand, two hundred feet in length, and eighty feet in width. Its walls, as they stand, are forty feet in height and six feet thick. It is built of kiln-burned brick, mixed with cobble-stones, and cemented with a mortar that defies all attempts of the wet climate to destroy it.

The sacred images on the inside of the church are rather the worse for wear, and sit upon benches exposed to the weather. The inside of the church is used as a burying-ground, and is used whenever the relatives of the deceased can raise the necessary funds (fifteen dollars) to have them buried there. Outside the church they can be buried for the sum of one dollar.

The Alcalde is a character—one of the Joe Bowers kind. At twelve o'clock every day he is too drunk to attend to any business. He goes barefooted, carries a silver-headed cane, and is always accompanied by his lieutenant and a staff of police. They have a day and night police here.

The dress of the female portion is somewhat different here, as they wear a short sack for a "bodice," and two or three yards of blue-striped cotton cloth wound around their waist and supported with a belt or sash, for a "skirt."

The young girls are very beautifully formed, and can be seen racing up and down the street like deer.

There was a procession nearly every day, and the "Padre" was reaping a golden harvest—getting no less than sixty dollars every time the church paraphernalia went out. He was decidedly a character—little, old, and ugly; full of cranks and whims. His "sheep" think a great deal of him, although he fleeces them, sometimes, to a point beyond forbearance. He is a professed monté-player; and woe betide the poor, infatuated human that challenges him to a game! He belongs to the Church party, and is inveterate against the Liberals. The municipal officers escort him home every day from mass, bareheaded, and kiss his hand, which he holds out to them in the most condescending style. He is a Castilian, and rules his people with the iron arm of a despot. His niece, however, does not partake of his character; but is a fine, well-informed, warm-hearted girl—simple and innocent in her manners—and her whole time is occupied in taking care of her pets—a monkey and a pheasant—and in studying English, which she is most anxious to acquire. It is reported that she is to marry one of the Company's employés. Whoever he is I, for one, congratulate him.

Four days after our arrival the boys arrived with the train. They had lost two more mules, who fell down a precipice and broke their necks; making, in all, sixteen mules and three horses—gone to the shades!—out of thirty, with which we started. The balance were so far gone as not to be able to do any work for months to come. We had occupied twenty-seven days on the trip, which was estimated at first to take ten. We were completely out of money, and had lost nearly every article of private property in the party—over three hundred dollars' worth; and it was almost with "tears of joy" that I welcomed Colonel ——, who came to release us from our unpleasant condition. By the same source came a letter from head-quarters to B——, who was instructed to report forthwith to the Engineers' Department at El Barrio; Quail was ordered to Suchil; while Lenares and I decided to go back to Minatitlan, where I would try and take a fresh start. We accordingly rode our old friends the mules from San Juan Guichicovi to Suchil, a distance of fifty miles, by easy stages, along the American road, as it is called here. It is the far-famed, much-talked-of Isthmus route—the wagon road connecting the two oceans. It is, to my thinking, a fine road; twenty feet in width; and by far excels many of the roads in the western part of New York and Vermont.

I remained behind the train a day; and, with my usual good luck, I was obliged to travel, the last day, in a soaking shower, in the midst of which I arrived at Suchil—the long-sought, long-expected, and much-talked-of Suchil!

Suchil is the head of shoal-water navigation on the Coatzacoalcos River, and belongs to the Tehuantepec Transit Company. It is a terminus, and entirely American; containing three hotels and a store. Rodadores and mosquitoes are plenty; but there are no dogs!

SNAPDRAGON.

BY MARK LEMON.

PART I.

OUR story may read like a fiction, but we are ready to make oath that there is more truth in it than is to be found in half the speeches made by Old Bailey barristers.

Jacob Sharp was more of a fool at forty than he ought to have been when he married Mrs. Rattery, an officer's widow with one child and no annuity. Jacob was a soft-hearted man, and since five years old had been in love with some divinity or other; but being of a nervous temperament, with the perpetual vision of a large family and the work-house before his eyes, he had never dipped more than his foot into the troubled waters of love matrimonial, and then only to draw it back again. He could never make up his mind to take a plunge, and so, at forty, he had a museum of love letters and locks of hair, but was still without incumbrance.

Jacob took the world very easily; he had a right to do so. He had saved money, and was making money, and spent but little upon his own personal enjoyments. His nephews and nieces began to show him great attention and respect, and several small jangles had sprung up among them on the subject of their respective expectations and the future disposition of Jacob's property. We almost suspect that some good-natured friend reported one of those mercenary squabbles to the primary cause of the dissension; and it was the conviction how completely he was looked upon as the great nest-egg of the family which made him resolve to marry. When it became known that uncle Jacob, cousin Jacob, brother Jacob (according to the degree of consanguinity in which he stood to the expectant), was about to take to himself a wife, all petty differences were forgotten, and a general council of war was held in Coram Street, at the house of a mutual friend, when it was determined to forbid the bans, although the meeting was adjourned to consider upon what grounds they should be justified in creating the scandal of such a proceeding, and a certain row in the church when the betrothed couple were to be "asked out," to the wonder of the whole parish. The adjourned meeting never took place, as Mrs. Rattery, for reasons of her own, insisted on being married by license. When the invitations for the wedding-breakfast were received, no one of the ill-treated relatives would think of "accepting;" but a desire to see the bride and say spiteful things to her—to have some Champagne, and wear new bonnets—ultimately prevailed, and a stranger to the real feelings of the party assembled in St. Pancras Church would have thought that the sun never shone upon a happier bridal.

Who was this Mrs. Rattery? Where had Jacob met her? Who were her friends? On all these points Mrs. Sharp, née Rattery, was as silent as an oyster, and so was Jacob. An eighteenth cousin, who was stoker on board a Gravesend steamer, and who had never been taken notice of by the family until it was reported that he knew something of the first introduction of Jacob to his bride, was now hunted up. He boldly asserted (to use his own phraseology) that they tumbled over each other on board the *Star*, Jacob breaking the ice by offering the lady a bag of shrimps which he had carried on a hot summer's day from Rosherville to the London Docks. However, the thing was done. Jacob had deceived his best friends and relations, and had taken a wife, and a wife who evidently thought herself worth the money. She was remarkably tall, light—you could not define it by any color—light hair, complexion pink all over, gray piggy eyes, good teeth, and flexible tongue. Her figure was powerful rather than graceful, and this gave her a decided advantage over Jacob, who was under the standard (reduced as it has been) for candidates for military glory. Jacob was very proud of his wife long after their honeymoon was over, and lost no opportunity of parading her at all the public places to which he could obtain access, dressed in the costliest materials and the gaudiest colors; and many a maiden lady of uncertain age regretted in silence the coldness or *hauteur* with which they had received in other days the amatory advances of little Jacob Sharp. However much Mrs. S. was envied by the single ladies of her acquaintance, Jacob was allowed to possess his blessing without any such feelings being entertained by the bachelors of his circle; and innuendoes of a most uncharitable nature were freely indulged in by many. It was hinted by some that the deceased Mr. Rattery had been only a drummer, and had drummed himself to death to avoid the constant nagging of his wife; others asserted that Mrs. Sharp's complexion was the result of a cosmetic taken freely many times a day, and purchased by the gallon; while all his friends agreed that Jacob would soon "find it out;" and whatever that "it" meant, "be sorry for it!" One thing was certain: at the end of the year Jacob was losing form. His purple satin waistcoat, which formerly covered without a wrinkle his graceful and sloping figure, exhibited several festoons; his coat began "to bag" in the back; and his face, hitherto as round, hard, and smooth as a globe, now appeared impressible and capable of furrows. There could be no doubt of it. Jacob had married a white sergeant, who was somewhat of a martinet in her notions of conjugal duty; and twelve months' domestic drill brought the one rank and file over whom she exercised command to a state of discipline that rendered him less independent than an automaton. If Mrs. Sharp wished to go out, Jacob put on his hat and coat without a murmur, tightened his umbrella mechanically, and stood on the door-mat with one arm akimbo, waiting to discharge his duty as a husband, thoroughly henpecked and obedient to orders. If Mrs. Sharp wished to have an evening at whist, Jacob had to turn out to reconnoitre for invitations, and if none could be procured he had to forage for friends to make up a little party at home. Although contrary, we believe, to the articles of whist, Mrs. Sharp would insist upon having Jacob for a partner; and the point was generally conceded, as the motive was known to proceed from no desire to obtain an unfair advantage over her adversaries, but to have a scape-goat for her own bad play, and an outlet for her mortification when the luck went against her.

A quiet game at whist!—that solace of middle-aged ladies and gentlemen—was a thing unknown whenever Jacob and his wife were players. Submissively as Jacob followed his partner's lead, he was always playing wrong; and although Mrs. Sharp respected the rules of the game sufficiently not to reprove him in words, no one who saw the bird of Paradise in her turban erect itself like the crest of a cockatoo, and beheld the pink face deepen into maroon, could fail to understand the power of the reproof which was making Jacob's ten toes tingle in their pumps under the table.

At the finish of the hand, when liberty of speech was permissible, it made the blood curdle or boil in the veins (according to the temperament of the listener) to hear the wigging poor Jacob invariably received had the play gone against them, Mrs. Sharp insisting that he ought to have had every card he had not, and more especially those which suited her own hand. As the evening proceeded Jacob became more depressed; and those who remembered the merry little bachelor of two or three years ago would wink at each other and shrug their shoulders as they buttoned their coats in the hall, and departed, cigarless, to their own abodes. Poor Jacob! There was no doubt of what the "it" was composed, and for which it was foretold he would be sorry.

Mrs. Sharp was the embodiment of that demonstrative pronoun—a woman out of place in her own household, and, as all women are who assume to govern where they should obey, the cause of utter misery, confusion, and disgrace.

Year after year passed on, and Jacob, with a hang-dog look, ate, and drank, and slept, and moved about at the bidding of his wife, whose bad temper became worse, growing with what it fed upon—an indulgence in violent stimulants—until the pink face was blotted and lined with vermilion, and the piggy eyes looked bleared and drowsy. Even those relatives whose castle-building had come to an unprofitable end by Jacob's marriage became pitiful, and would often, under one pretext or another, endeavor to draw their afflicted friend from home to enjoy a quiet hour, rarely achieved, as the Dragon who guarded him never lost sight of him if she could help it.

Jacob would have sunk under this domestic tyranny but for a blessing which had been brought into his home by Mrs. Sharp. We have not dwelt upon this before, feeling reluctant to name one so good and innocent as Ellen Rattery when narrating the defects of her mother. It was impossible to look into her sweet face, so fair and angel-like, and not love her, wondering the while how such a blossom could have sprung from such a stem. It was Ellen, and she only, who seemed to evoke any woman's nature in her coarse and violent mother; but toward her Mrs. Sharp, even when made irritable by strong potations, was always gentle, kind, and loving. To Jacob the child was an adoration, and he stole away to the chamber set apart for her and a nurse—perhaps a companion would be the better description—whenever he could, and seemed to acquire a fresh love of life and increased power of endurance from the society of his little step-daughter.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and so it was with Jacob, who, though stripped to the skin—nay, almost flayed by the rough usage and burning tongue of the mother—found the love created in his heart by the innocent child was enough to make his sufferings endurable, and still leave a large residuum for the little creature who had come so mercifully to be his comforter.

Ellen was two years old when her mother married Jacob, and she had lost all recollection of her own father, if her infant mind had ever received any definite impression of his existence. Her natural elegance of manner and beauty of form and feature greatly favored her mother's representations of the position and character of her former husband, although it could not account for her abandonment by all his relatives and friends. That, however, concerned only Jacob. When Ellen was eleven years old a sickness came upon her, so long and heavy that it was thought she would have died; but the angels were not permitted to claim their sister then. A residence for some months in the south of France was considered necessary to her perfect recovery; and Jacob, with a heavy heart and strange forebodings of some coming evil, placed the child at a school of good repute at V——.

The departure of Ellen was productive of the worst effects to her mother. The child had been evidently a check upon the grosser inclinations of Mrs. Sharp; but, now that the unknown influence of her presence had been removed, Jacob's home became the abode of tipsy riot and uncontrolled, unbearable violence of words and deeds.

Half maddened by this state of things, he was seated alone one December afternoon close upon the advent of Christmas Day, recalling the time when he might have looked abroad in vain to find a happier man—his reverie now broken ever and anon by sounds of the frantic dancing and singing of a wretched Bacchante overhead—when a woman, closely muffled, came into the warehouse and desired to speak alone with him. There was something unusual in the request; but Jacob being glad of any relief from his own thoughts, the woman was told to enter. As she closed the door behind her the voice of Mrs. Sharp again broke forth in song, and the woman looked up at the ceiling and smiled.

"At her old tricks," she murmured; and not waiting to be asked, seated herself close to Jacob, who had been too much surprised by the woman's conduct and remark to rise from his chair.

"Mr. Sharp," said the stranger, "time is short with me, and what I have to say must be said quickly. Are you tired of her?" pointing to the room overhead.

Jacob started, as well he might, at such an inquiry, so abruptly made.

"I don't understand you," he replied, after a pause.

"And yet I thought I spoke plain enough," said the woman. "Are you tired of the one we hear singing and raving above us? Would you be free from her—legally free from her?"

Jacob rose up and grasped the arm of the speaker, his eyes dilated, and his mouth agape.

"You don't answer me; but I fancy you have time for a little reflection now," continued the woman, as the noise of something heavy falling upon the floor above satisfied both Jacob and his visitor that Mrs. Sharp's revels were at an end until sleep had restored her to something like consciousness.

"Now listen to me, Mr. Sharp. If I can set you free from the wretched and terrible life you are leading, will you pay me fifty pounds?"

Jacob bowed his head in assent.

"I will take that as your promise, and trust to it. When you married Mrs. Rattery you believed she was a widow—the widow of an officer killed abroad?"

"Yes," said Jacob; it was all he could say, with his parched tongue and heaving bosom.

"You asked for no certificates, but took all for granted?" said his questioner, smiling.

"I did."

"And were deceived, duped, made a fool by the most artful and heartless creature that ever bore the name of woman?"

Jacob rose up again; but now there was hope in his face.

"Her husband was a color-sergeant in the —th, but deserted, only on her account, for before he married her he was one of the noblest and bravest soldiers in the service. What she had been nobody knows, but poor dear Rattery married her."

"A sergeant!" gasped out Jacob, "and died! Where?"

"He's not dead," replied the woman; "and that information's worth fifty pounds, I take it."

"Five hundred!" Jacob would have said, but something like an egg rose in his throat and almost choked him.

"Daniel Rattery is living," continued the woman, to give Jacob time to recover himself, "and that woman knows it. It has cost her pounds upon pounds to keep the secret from you; but there was one she could not bribe—there was one!" and she struck herself upon the breast as she spoke.

"Can you prove all that you have said?" asked Jacob, as soon as he could speak.

"These are the proofs," replied the woman, placing a bundle of papers on the table, "copies of originals which I have at home. *She* won't dispute the truth of them, or give you more trouble than you like to take in the matter."

Jacob hastily glanced at the papers, and satisfied himself that the stranger had spoken the truth. No manumitted slave ever felt more joy than did Jacob Sharp as this conviction came upon him. Free! once more free from the debased and cruel tyrant who had bowed down his spirit to the dust and filled his cup of life with bitterness to the brim! She should go at once: that very night his house should be purged of the pestilence.

"Better let her remain till the morrow," said the woman; "she will listen *then* to what has taken place without noise. I will call for my money when it is earned, and she is gone from you forever."

Ah, the child!—the child that had grown about his heart until it was part of it! Was she its mother?

"Yes, and that she is so," replied the woman, with terrible earnestness, "I have tracked her down for a treacherous, false-hearted hypocrite that she is. We were friends once, and she knew how dearly I loved the man she won from me by some wicked spells, for he could not have loved her by fair means. The child is hers, and God alone knows how many tears and hours of suffering it has cost me to know it." Then hastily drying her eyes, she took Jacob's hand and said, slowly, "If you can rescue that unoffending girl from the influence of this woman's wicked life, do, Sir, do! For the sake of one whom I loved with all a woman's love, beg, buy, steal that child, and teach her virtue."

"I will do all I can," replied Jacob; "and your fifty pounds—"

"I don't care for money now. Use it for the child. If you want me, there is where I live;" throwing a card down on the table. "We may never meet again in this world; but, as there is another, save his child from the wretch who is her mother; and so saying the woman left the house and walked out into the darkness which had then come upon the streets.

Throughout the night Jacob kept awake, now pacing up and down his little room, now sitting before the fire and trying to read therein the future and the past. His course would have been clear enough but for the child, whose spirit never left him through those long and lonely hours, but kept ever by his side or before his face. The night passed at last, and the dull foggy morning brought no relief to the unhappy man. When the servant came to put the room in order Jacob told her to leave it as it was and call her mistress.

Something less than an hour elapsed before Mrs. Sharp made her appearance. Her trembling hands, leaden eye, and sodden face told how the night had been passed by her.

"How's this?" she exclaimed, "the room not ready! Where's that lazy slut?" and going toward the bell-rope, she would have rung for the servant had not Jacob caught her arm and prevented her.

When Mrs. Sharp looked in her husband's face she was shocked at the determined and defiant look she saw there.

"Don't ring the bell," he said; "it was by my order that the room has not been touched. I wished to remain undisturbed until I had seen you."

Mrs. Sharp could not believe her eyes or ears. He had never spoken to her, never looked at her, thus before. Folding her arms together, and shaking her head to and fro, she demanded, with compressed lips, to know what he wanted with her so particularly that the work of the house had been suspended.

"Mrs. Rattery," he said (and the person so addressed started at the name), "Mrs. Rattery, read those papers on the table, and spare us both much conversation that would be painful."

The affrighted woman did as she was commanded; and her cowering look and heaving bosom soon told that the papers contained truths which she could not combat.

"All is true, then?" said Jacob. "You have deceived me cruelly—criminally!"

Mrs. Rattery covered her face with her hands, resting her elbows upon the table; and in that attitude, answered, "Yes—all true."

"Infamous woman!" exclaimed Jacob. But the shadow of the child passed before his eyes, and he said no more.

"What do you intend to do with me?" asked the guilty creature, without changing her position. "Prosecute me, I suppose?"

"No; you know that would be to act contrary to my nature. All I require of you is, to leave this house instantly, and make your peace with your injured husband and your offended God." Whatever was grotesque in Jacob had disappeared, and his sorrow gave him dignity.

"Rattery would neither see me nor hear from me. Where am I to go? Into the streets, and perish with hunger and cold?"

Jacob took a few turns up and down the little room, and then answered,

"No; I will allow you enough to provide decent board and lodging, if you will be content with that; nothing for your degrading indulgences."

"Thank you, Jacob! Thank you, Mr. Sharp!" said Mrs. Rattery, concealing her face as before.

"Your child?" inquired Jacob, half choked by emotion. "What is to become of her?" The tears welled through the fingers of the mother, and gave her questioner courage to proceed. "I will take the charge of her education, will find her a home (the woman shook her head), and provide for her future, if you agree to see her only at long intervals."

"No, no; I can not do that!" cried Mrs. Rattery, rocking herself to and fro. "I dare not consent to part with her, for she alone saves me from being altogether lost. No; I can not part with Ellen!" And she sobbed aloud.

In vain did Jacob set before her the advantages his proposition offered, and the probable career which awaited the child under her mother's guidance and example. She was unmoved; and it was only on Jacob threatening to withdraw the promised annuity from herself that she consented to allow Ellen to remain in France for another year, Mrs. Rattery stipulating to be responsible to the mistress of the school, and to have the right of withdrawing the child at the expiration of the twelve months.

And so Jacob, having made arrangements with some decent people in the suburbs of London to receive Mrs. Rattery, was once more a bachelor, and ate his Christmas dinner alone, although one little chair was not vacant at all times during the long evening, which he passed in meditating on a time gone by.

PART II.

IT has been ordained, mercifully, that our ordinary, nay, even our great, sorrows can not be recalled with the vividness with which our pleasures are remembered; and Jacob Sharp soon began to reflect upon the past with a softened pain. The child was, indeed, always the cause of regret and anxiety as often as he thought of her; and a day never passed but he did so. Yet he had the satisfaction of believing that he had cared for her temporary welfare, and he hoped the time would come when he could take a greater interest for her happiness and well-doing. His friends and relatives began again to look him up, and old cronies dropped in as they had done years ago, before the arrival of the Dragon made the quiet rubbers and cozy suppers matters of impossibility. Jacob throve under this new, or rather restored, order of things, and the satin waistcoat (it was black now) showed fewer wrinkles, and the face followed its example. He never mentioned the cause of separation from his supposed wife, but allowed all whom it concerned to form their own conjectures, which in no case were favorable to the departed lady. It was some time before Jacob became accustomed to his state of freedom, and at times the quiet of his house surprised him; at others he felt an undefined dread of some approaching evil as he entered his dwelling, and could only connect it with his old feelings when the *late* Mrs. Sharp was waiting his return. Not unfrequently he became oppressed, as it were, by the repose which surrounded him, and would affect to regret the absence of annoyance, as men have been known to long for the turmoils and anxieties of business after a brief interval of ease and retirement. Jacob, whether he really desired it or no, had a slight return of his affliction, and again in connection with the child he loved so well.

The twelve months had nearly expired when Ellen was to return to her mother. The annuity had been paid regularly every quarter, and the allowance for the child's education remitted as frequently as it fell due. For some reason—Jacob could not define it—he became to think almost hourly of his little protégée, until his rest was broken and his general health was any thing but satisfactory. At last he sent for his doctor.

Mr. Layton was a man of considerable experience in all derangements of the body proceeding from mental causes, having been for many years the surgeon to one of our metropolitan prisons, where much of the illness which consigns patients to the infirmary proceeds from the "mind diseased" by remorse and apprehension. Mr. Layton soon detected the cause of Jacob's malady, and prescribed the best and speediest remedy—a change of scene.

"Where better can you go than to V——, and visit your little friend? There is nothing to prevent you; and perhaps the school-mistress might help you to obtain a prolongation of the child's stay in France. At any rate the journey will do you good, and can do no harm to any one. So pack up at once, and start by the next packet."

Jacob promised compliance, and Mr. Layton departed.

As soon as Jacob had made the necessary arrangements for his journey he set out *en route* for V——; and, new as were the scenes through which he passed, his desire to see the child was so great that he regarded them as familiar things, and wondered that he had never thought of taking such a step during all the long months that she had been away from him.

V—— was reached at last; and with a beating heart and trembling hand he rang the great bell at the entrance to the chateau. As he stood at the great iron gates, looking through the open bars at the many windows which opened toward him, he wondered which room might contain the object of his love, and scanned each of them closely, in the hope of seeing the angel face he had missed so much and so long.

Admitted by the porter, and conducted into the house, the undefined fear which had possessed him at home came back with redoubled force, and he felt almost deprived of volition. He was recalled somewhat to himself by the entrance of Madame ——, and who, by the tact and good breeding of an accomplished French lady, perceived his embarrassment, and did her utmost to relieve him. When Jacob could inform her of the object of his visit, the pleasant countenance of Madame —— wore, for a moment, a look of displeasure, which gave way instantly to one of sorrow.

"Did you not know, Sir," she said, "that Mademoiselle Rattery has left my establishment for more than six months?"

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Jacob. "Left here! Who removed her, Madame?"

The angry look came back again as Madame —— replied, "A person who called herself her mother. Do you not know her, Sir?"

"Know her!" said Jacob, with a groan. "Too well, Madame—too well!"

"How my agent in London allowed himself to be so imposed upon I know not," continued Madame. "But, if you are Mr. Jacob Sharp, you have done me a great wrong in recommending such a person's child."

"Not a word against the child; you can not say a word against the child, whatever the wicked mother may be!" cried Jacob, clasping his hands together. Madame —— was moved by his earnestness, and said,

"The child was most lovable, good, and gentle; I would advise, if she be yours—"

"No, no! she is not; would that she were, even though her mother is what she is! Madame, I have come this long journey to see that poor innocent, and with the hope, by your aid, to have rescued her from the teaching of her disreputable mother. The child has been no disgrace to you. Her father was an English officer (the Recording Angel put that fib by the side of Uncle Toby's oath), and the husband of that woman. Oh, what shall I do? Again has that shameless creature deceived me."

Madame —— was touched by poor Jacob's grief, and soon, by gentle words and kindness of manner, induced him to tell her all his story, continuing it herself, by informing Jacob that, when the first six months had expired, Mrs. Rattery presented herself in a very excited state at the chateau, conducting herself in a manner, Madame hoped, peculiar to Mrs. Rattery, and, in spite of the tears of the child and the remonstrances of her governess, took away Ellen in the hired carriage which had brought this most unwelcome visitor to V——.

What a miserable journey had Jacob back to London! All his worst fears had centred upon the lost child, and which brought with them an amount of suffering new and unsuspected. What had he done in driving forth that wretched woman whom he had vowed to cherish? True, she was false-sworn and abandoned; but was he justified in the course he had pursued toward her? Should he not have kept watch over her, and, by entreaty and remonstrance, endeavored to have turned her from her evil ways, and made her a mother to her child? How had she obtained the means to visit France? Where was she now? What object had she in taking Ellen away to share her own scanty allowance and mean mode of life? These and a hundred other questions crowded on him, and when he reached home he was almost a madman.

The day after his return, nearly as soon as it was light, he hastened to the lodgings of Mrs. Rattery. He found the house in the possession of new tenants, who professed to know little or nothing of their predecessors or their lodger. They believed that the persons who held the house before them left England suddenly to join a son in Australia; but of Mrs. Rattery and her child they could only say what the neighbors said—that it was a good riddance of bad rubbish when she left. Here was more food for conjecture. Had those he was in search of gone to Australia? Would that it might prove so! And yet without means it seemed an impossibility. So Jacob returned home a sadder and not a wiser man.

Jacob endeavored, and strove manfully, to master the nervous anxiety which now beset him, and sought in the society of friends and more active employment to dispel the continued dread that only evil must befall poor Ellen; but all in vain. He continued to reproach himself for hard-heartedness and censurable forgetfulness in sending her mother forth an outcast, to perish in stony-hearted London, and to expose Ellen herself to a life of temptation and misery. As he walked along the streets he scanned the face of every passer-by whose age and figure gave the least hope that it might be Ellen. Wherever there was a public gathering of the young he was present, and with restless eyes searching among them for the one face whose every lineament he remembered, and which to behold once again he would have given all that he possessed. His good friend Layton did all that he could to combat a feeling which was assuming the form of mania, and frequently called for him when making his daily rounds, and endeavored to direct his thoughts into new channels.

The winter had set in with great severity, and the newspapers daily gave painful narratives of want and suffering, narratives which will be read at no distant time, let us hope, as the chronicles of the Cruelty of Neglect to be wondered at and condemned as part of the barbarous wickedness of a past age never to come back again. As Jacob read those miserable histories—pages only of many, many, mighty volumes—his fancy would trace in some wretched mother and starving child those whom he had cast forth; and tears would fill his eyes as he reproached himself for the selfishness of which he conceived himself to have been guilty. He was surprised in this condition one morning by his friend the doctor, who, after administering a good dose of remonstrance and ridicule combined, made him accompany him in a long round of visits. The brisk pace at which they walked, the frosty air, and cheerful gossip of his companion, had a salutary effect upon Jacob's spirits, and he promised Layton to make more resolute efforts to free himself from the habit of dwelling upon the cause of his distemper.

"Come among my youngsters a little oftener, Sharp," said his friend; "the girls are not quite angels, nor are the boys quite imps of mischief; and let us see if we can't lessen the influence of this lost one. Come to-night! It is Christmas-eve, and we hold it good to give a welcome to the morrow. There will be no party—only the family and one little stranger."

Jacob said he would come, although he was afraid he should be only a damper on the party.

"I'll take care of that," replied the doctor. "I sha'n't take you to see the patients I have there," pointing to the prison confided to his care. "The state of your spirits wouldn't allow you to hear the clank of chains and the rattle of bolts; so get home, eat a hearty dinner, take half a pint of port wine, and be with us not later than seven."

Jacob remembered the last prescription of his good friend, and carried it out to the letter. Well, if the truth must be told, a little further, for he encored the half pint of wine, and was all the better for it.

At a quarter to seven he buttoned himself up in the old coat which he wore when he stood upon the mat waiting the advent of the woman, and there must have been something in the contact with it which set his mind more than ever thinking upon the child as he walked through the cold evening air, on his way to the doctor's house. He rang the bell mechanically, and submitted himself without a word to the attentions of the doctor's boy, who relieved him of his coat and hat, and announced his arrival. The latter part of his duty the boy might have omitted, for the roars of laughter which proceeded from a group engaged at SNAPDRAGON completely drowned his treble. The room was darkened, and around the flaming dish stood a merry group snatching forth the blazing raisins with shouts of boisterous merriment. Jacob heard them not, saw nothing but one face, which, lighted up by the flames of the ignited spirit, appeared to have the hue of death, rendering the faint smile it wore more ghastly and terrible to him than the strongest look of anguish would have been. It was Ellen Rattery that stood among the merry group of children. Ellen! the child whom he had destroyed, come there to reproach him for his cruel desertion of her when his care was most needed. Jacob would have fallen had not his presence been perceived by his friend Layton, who caught him in his arms and conveyed him into the passage. As soon as he recovered a little he pointed to the room whence shouts of laughter still came, looking wild and wondering, as he said, almost in a whisper, "She is there! she is there!"

"Who is there?" inquired Layton, with his collected manner, evidently watching for some indication of the state of his patient.

"Ellen Rattery!—the child is there!"

In an instant Layton seemed to comprehend the case, and taking Jacob by the hand he drew him gently into his consulting-room.

"Sit down while I prepare something for you. There, swallow that, old boy;" giving him some preparation hastily prepared from a private medicine-chest. "Now listen to what I have to say. You are likely to be right; that may be Ellen Rattery whom you have seen, and if so, we must both thank the Providence which has brought her here."

Jacob wiped his brow and begged the doctor to continue.

"In our infirmary is a woman committed for shoplifting, who has been a patient of mine now some five weeks. Her case is hopeless. Knowing this, and observing that there was something upon her mind which deprived all the sedatives I could administer of their influence, I pressed her to confide in me the cause of her distress. For some time she hesitated, but at last told me that it was a longing to see her child which preyed upon her and would not let her rest."

"Mrs. Rattery!" cried Jacob.

"That is not the name she gave when examined; but a false name is no unusual deceit with persons in her position. I represented the case in the proper quarter, and obtained permission to introduce the child into the prison. She was to be inquired for under the name of Ellen—only Ellen; and a promise was given that no attempt should be made to learn more. I was very dull not to have suspected what has now proved to be the case. I found the child so innocent and simple-minded, so prepossessing in her manner and appearance, that I felt an unusual interest in her, and have from time to time brought her home to dinner. My girls took a fancy to her also, and wishing to have her near her mother, whose end is rapidly approaching, I invited her to join our SNAPDRAGON, not thinking that by the light of its fire my old friend Jacob should see little Ellen. Remain where you are, and I will bring her to you."

The doctor was only absent a few minutes, but during that time Jacob, like the King in the Eastern fable, seemed to live over again the time which had passed since he parted with Ellen, and he wondered whether she would remember him and love him as she had done before their separation from each other. In a few minutes, as we have said, the doctor returned with the child, and Jacob gazed at her in silence with scarcely power to stretch forth his arms to invite her to his embrace. Ellen looked at him for a few moments, as though doubting her right to approach; but when poor Jacob gasped out "Come to me!" the tears streaming down his face and dripping upon his black satin waistcoat, she sprang into his arms and clung about his neck, kissing his moist cheeks and mingling her own tears with his, both sobbing aloud, until Mr. Layton was compelled to blow his nose with great vigor to avoid keeping them company.

Yes, there she was again, sitting on the dear stumpy knee which scarcely formed a resting-place for evén hér slender figure, while the fingers of her dear old friend played among her hair and patted her pale cheeks. Oh! how pale to what they were once on a time when she lived with that dear old fairy Robin Goodfellow, alias Jacob Sharp, who felt at that moment how impossible it would be ever to part with her again, even though he had to bear with daily visits from the wicked mother who had made him so wretched.

But they could not sit there for another hour, crying and fondling each other until the advent of Christmas Day, and the clock told it would soon be there; so, drying each other's eyes and smoothing each other's hair, they yielded to Mr. Layton's request, and joined once more the group at Snapdragon. Jacob burned his fingers again and again in his endeavor to obtain a raisin; and succeeding at last, thrust the prize, blazing as it was, into the laughing mouth of his little pet.

Hark! the prison clock is striking the first beat of midnight. On it goes until the new day is born, and a merry chorus of happy voices is giving welcome to another Christmas. Where is Mr. Layton? Unperceived, he has gone away in obedience to a summons from the dreary prison, and is now sitting by a bedside, holding the clammy hand of a dying woman, who is blessing him with her eyes for the good tidings he has brought her, and which has assured her that the only one her depraved nature had loved was safe with him who would be a guide, a counselor, and father all his life-long.

Our tale is ended, for the after years of Ellen's life were passed in peace beside the hearth of Jacob Sharp, who never failed to celebrate the anniversary of their reunion with a game of Snapdragon.

OUR NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.

Colonel William Preston, the new United States Minister to Spain, was born in Kentucky, in the year 1814. He was the son of Major William Preston, and belongs to a family which embraces among its members William C. Preston, of South Carolina, Vice-President John C. Breckinridge, Secretary Floyd, and other statesmen of eminence in our national politics. His mother, a Virginia lady, bearing the maiden name of Hancock, was a sister of Mrs. Clarke, wife of the Western explorer, who became acquainted with her on his return from the celebrated expedition commonly known as the Expedition of Lewis and Clarke.

Colonel Preston was educated for the bar at the Dane Law School, in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and after graduating there, formed a partnership for the practice of his profession with the Hon. William J. Graves, in Louisville; continuing his devotion to law until his entrance on political life. As a lawyer he was highly successful, and the ability and eloquence which he displayed in one noted trial—on the application of Miss Sally Ward for divorce from her husband, Mr. T. Bigelow Lawrence—gave him a wide and enviable professional reputation.

At the breaking out of the Mexican War two regiments were raised in Kentucky, one of which was commanded by John C. Breckinridge, and the other by Mr. Preston, who received the title of Lieutenant-Colonel, and served with distinction, under General Scott, until the end of the war.

At the conclusion of the treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States Colonel Preston returned home and entered into political life. He was elected on the same ticket with the Hon. James Guthrie, late Secretary of the Treasury, one of the members from Louisville, to the Convention called for the purpose of adopting a new Constitution for the State of Kentucky. After serving in that Convention Colonel Preston was elected a member of the Kentucky Legislature for the city of Louisville; and was subsequently returned to the State Senate.

In the Presidential struggle of 1852 Colonel Preston supported General Scott, with whose cause he was identified as much by long and intimate friendship as by an agreement of political principles. It may be pertinent here to remark that his strong personal regard for that distinguished military chieftain was more effectively manifested a year or two afterward, in his efforts, as a member of Congress, to procure for him the rank of brevet Lieutenant-General, which, with the increased pay accompanying it, constituted a memorable and substantial proof of national gratitude and appreciation.

In 1852 Colonel Preston was also placed on the Scott ticket as an elector for the State at large, and embarked warmly in the canvass. Afterward, being nominated for Congress, he was elected in his district the same year by an unprecedented majority.

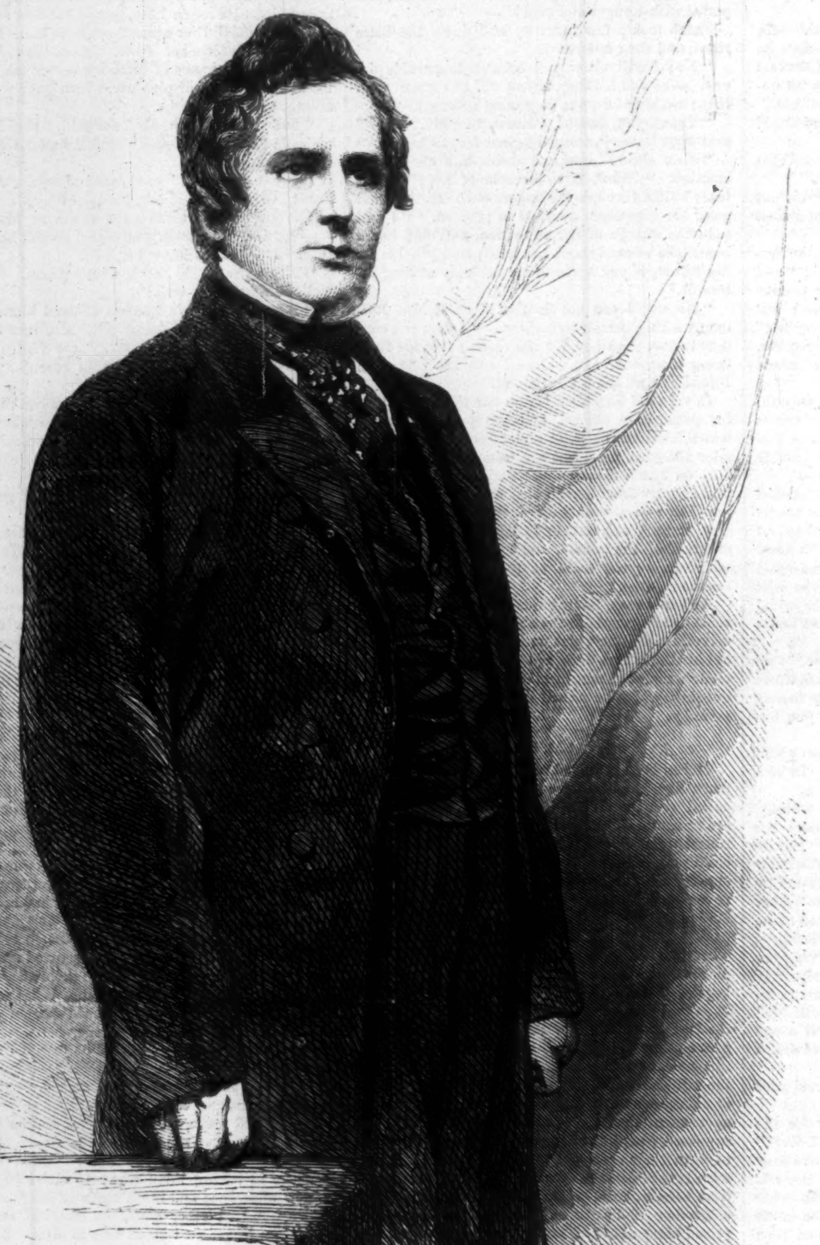
In Congress Mr. Preston proved himself a zealous and efficient representative, aiming rather at practical usefulness and the dispatch of public business than at display; and contributing much, by his liberal hospitality and the genial amenity of his manners, to the attractions of Washington society. During the two sessions in which he resided at the Federal Capital his hospitable mansion—the same house that had been so long occupied by Daniel Webster—was the scene of many brilliant social gatherings, where men of every shade of political opinion enjoyed a generous Kentucky welcome, and delighted to forget the animosities of Congressional strife.

The introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which dissolved the Whig party, threw Colonel Preston (who had been an early and constant advocate of the measure) into the ranks of the Democrats, with whom he has ever since acted. It was during the pendency of this bill that the difficulty between Mr. Cutting and Mr. Breckinridge arose, in which Colonel Preston acted as the friend of his colleague. In consequence of the zeal which he manifested in his new political associations against the American (or Know Nothing) party, which had absorbed most of his former Whig supporters, he lost a re-election to Congress at the end of his first term, being defeated by Humphrey Marshall, the American candidate.

Since then Colonel Preston has remained in private life, the only act which has brought him prominently before the nation being his participation as a delegate at large from his native State to the Cincinnati National Democratic Convention, where, in behalf of Mr. Douglas, he withdrew that gentleman's name from the list of candidates, upon which Mr. Buchanan's nomination was secured. He took an active part in the campaign which resulted in the election of President Buchanan; and, next to his personal fitness, his political services are supposed to have specially recommended him to the honorable and responsible post which he now holds. In fact, such was the general appreciation of his claims by the Democratic party, that public opinion had settled upon him as its candidate for Governor; and there is little doubt he would have received the nomination of its State Convention had he not accepted the foreign appointment.

This appointment has been hailed with a remarkable unanimity of public approval. He brings to the discharge of the momentous and delicate duties which, in consequence of our present disturbed relations with Spain, devolve upon him, the most desirable qualifications of an American diplomat—straightforward integrity of purpose, a high sense of honor, and the persuasive affability and tact of an accomplished gentleman, together with the prudence and capacity requisite for the success of his mission. His outward appearance corresponds with his character. He is over six feet high, and remarkably fine looking, and of an impressive presence and bearing. His fortune is large, and doubtless the hospitalities (by no means a contemptible agency in diplomacy) which he is thereby enabled to dispense at Madrid will be directed in a manner to promote the interests of his country, and to draw closer the ties of amity between Spain and the United States. In this object he will be greatly aided by Mrs. Preston, who has accompanied her husband, and who is in every respect fitted to dignify and adorn the position which she is destined to fill. This lady, who was married to Colonel Preston in 1840, is the daughter of Robert Wickliffe, one of the most influential and prominent leaders of the Democratic party in Kentucky, popularly known, from the extent of magnificent landed possessions and other property, as "the Duke." Together with his wife, our new Minister, who sailed in the *Fulton* on the 8th instant, took with him his six children—five daughters and one son—the eldest, a daughter, being about seventeen.

Whatever be the issue of his negotiations, it can not be questioned, this time, but we have sent the right man to the right place.



HON. WILLIAM PRESTON, OUR NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XII., AND LAST.

In which the Author endeavors, to the best of his ability, to give a final reply to the question, "What will he do with it?"

Scene—The banks of the lake at Fawley. George is lending his arm to Waife; Mrs. Morley, seated on her camp-stool, at the opposite side of the water, is putting the last touch to her sketch of the Manor House; Sir Isaac, reclined, is gravely contemplating the swans; the doe, bending over him, occasionally nibbles his ear; Fairthorn has uncomfortably edged himself into an angle of the building, between two buttresses, and is watching, with malignant eye, two young forms, at a distance, as they move slowly yonder, side by side, yet apart, now lost, now emerging, through the gaps between melancholy leafless trees. Darrell, having just quitted Waife and George, to whose slow pace he can ill time his impatient steps, wonders why Lionel, whom, on arriving, he had, with brief cordial words, referred to Sophy for his fate, has taken more than an hour to ask a simple question, to which the reply may be pretty well known beforehand. He advances toward those melancholy trees. Suddenly one young form leaves the other—comes with rapid stride through the withered fern. Pale as death Lionel seizes Guy Darrell's hand with convulsive grasp, and says, "I must leave you, Sir. God bless you! All is over. I was the blindest fool—she refuses me!"

"Refuses you!—impossible! For what reason?"

"She can not love me well enough to marry," answered Lionel, with a quivering lip, and an attempt at that irony in which all extreme anguish, at least in our haughty sex, delights to seek refuge or disguise. "Likes me as a friend, a brother, and so forth, but nothing more. All a mistake, Sir—all, except your marvelous kindness to me—to her—for which Heaven ever bless you!"

"Yes, all a mistake of your own, foolish boy," said Darrell, tenderly; and, turning sharp, he saw Sophy hastening by, quickly and firmly, with her eyes looking straightward—on into space. He threw himself in her path.

"Tell this dull kinsman of mine that 'faint heart never won fair lady.' You do not mean seriously, deliberately, to reject a heart that will never be faint with a meaner fear than that of losing you?"

Poor Sophy! She kept her blue eyes still on the cold gray space, and answered by some scarce audible words—words which in every age girls intending to say No seem to learn as birds learn their song—no one knows who taught them, but they are ever to the same tune. "Sensible of the honor"—"Grateful"—"Some one more worthy"—etc., etc.

Darrell checked this embarrassed jargon. "My question, young lady, is solemn; it involves the destiny of two lives. Do you mean to say that you do not love Lionel Haughton well enough to give him your hand, and return the true faith which is pledged with his own?"

"Yes," said Lionel, who had gained the side of his kinsman: "yes, that is it. Oh Sophy—Ay or No?"

"No!" fell from her pale, firm lips; and in a moment more she was at Waife's side, and had drawn him away from George. "Grandfather, grandfather!—home, home; let us go home at once, or I shall die!"

Darrell has kept his keen sight upon her movements—upon her countenance. He sees her gesture—her look—as she now clings to her grandfather. The blue eyes are not now coldly fixed on level air, but raised upward, as for strength from above. The young face is sublime with its woe, and with its resolve.

"Noble child!" muttered Darrell. "I think I see into her heart. If so, poor Lionel indeed! *My* pride has yielded, hers never will!"

Lionel meanwhile kept beating his foot on the ground, and checking indignantly the tears that sought to gather to his eyes. Darrell threw his arm round the young man's shoulder, and led him gently, slowly away, by the barbed thorn-tree—on by the moss-grown crags.

Waife, meanwhile, is bending his ear to Sophy's lip. The detestable Fairthorn emerges from between the buttresses, and shambles up to George, thirsting to hear his hopes confirmed, and turning his face back to smile congratulation on the gloomy old house that he thinks he has saved from the lake.

Sophy has at last convinced Waife that his senses do not deceive him, nor hers wander. She has said, "Oh, grandfather, let us ever henceforth be all in all to each other. You are not ashamed of me—I am so proud of you. But there are others akin to me, grandfather, whom we will not mention; and you would be ashamed of me if I brought disgrace on one who would confide to me his name, his honor; and should I be as proud of you, if you asked me to do it?"

At these words Waife understands all, and he has not an argument in reply; and he suffers Sophy to lead him toward the house. Yes, they will go hence—yes, there shall be no schemes of marriage! They had nearly reached the door when the door itself opened violently, and a man rushing forth caught Sophy in his arms, and kissed her forehead, her cheek, with a heartiness that it is well Lionel did not witness! Speechless and breathless with resentment, Sophy struggled, and in vain, when Waife, seizing the man by the collar, swung him away with a "How dare you, Sir?" that was echoed back from the hillocks—summoned Sir Isaac at full gallop from the lake—scared Fairthorn back to his buttresses—roused Mrs. Morley from her sketch—and, smiting the ears of Lionel and Darrell, hurried them, mechanically as it were, to the spot from which that thunder-roll had pealed.

"How dare I?" said the man, resettling the flow of his disordered coat—"How dare I kiss my own niece?—my own sister's orphan child? Venerable Bandit, I have a much better right than you have. Oh my dear injured Sophy, to think that I was ashamed of your poor cotton print—to think that to your pretty face I have been owing fame and fortune—and you, you wandering over the world—child of the sister of whose beauty I was so proud—of her for whom, alas in vain! I painted Watteaus and Greuzes upon screens and fans!" Again he clasped her to his breast; and Waife this time stood mute, and Sophy passive—for the man's tears were raining upon her face, and washed away every blush of shame as to the kiss they hallowed.

"But where is my old friend William Losely?—where is Willy?" said another voice, as a tall thin personage stepped out from the hall, and looked poor Waife unconsciously in the face.

"Alban Morley!" faltered Waife; "*you* are but little changed!"

The Colonel looked again, and in the elderly, lame, one-eyed, sober-looking man, recognized the wild, jovial Willy, who had tamed the most unruly fillies, taken the most frantic leaps, caroled forth the blithest song—madcap, good fellow, frolicsome, childlike darling of gay and grave, young and old!

> "'Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
> Labuntur anni,'"

said the Colonel, insensibly imbibing one of those Horatian particles that were ever floating in that classic atmosphere—to Darrell medicinal, to Fairthorn morbific. "Years slide away, Willy, mutely as birds skim through air; but when friend meets with friend after absence, each sees the print of their crow's-feet on the face of the other. But we are not too old yet, Willy, for many a meet—at the fireside! Nothing else in our studs, we can still mount our hobbies; and thorough-bred hobbies contrive to be in at the death. But you are waiting to learn by what title and name this stranger lays claim to so peerless a niece. Know then—Ah, here comes Darrell. Guy Darrell, in this young lady you will welcome the grandchild of Sidney Branthwaite, our old Eton school friend, a gentleman of as good blood as any in the land!"

"None better," cried Fairthorn, who has sidled himself into the group; "there's a note on the Branthwaite genealogy, Sir, in your father's great work upon 'Monumental Brasses.'"

"Permit me to conclude, Mr. Fairthorn," resumed the Colonel; "Monumental Brasses are painful subjects. Yes Darrell, yes Lionel; this fair creature, whom Lady Montfort might well desire to adopt, is the daughter of Arthur Branthwaite, by marriage with the sister of Frank Vance, whose name I shrewdly suspect nations will prize, and whose works princes will hoard, when many a long genealogy, all blazoned in azure and *or*, will have left not a scrap for the moths."

"Ah!" murmured Lionel, "was it not I, Sophy, who taught you to love your father's genius! Do you not remember how, as we bent over his volume, it seemed to translate to us our own feelings?—to draw us nearer together? He was speaking to us from his grave."

Sophy made no answer; her face was hidden on the breast of the old man, to whom she still clung closer and closer.

"Is it so? Is it certain? Is there no doubt that she is the child of these honored parents?" asked Waife, tremulously.

"None," answered Alban; "we bring with us proofs that will clear up all my story."

The old man bowed his head over Sophy's fair locks for a moment; then raised it, serene and dignified; "You are mine for a moment yet, Sophy," said he.

"Yours as ever—more fondly, gratefully than ever," cried Sophy.

"There is but one man to whom I can willingly yield you. Son of Charles Haughton, take my treasure."

"I consent to that," cried Vance, "though I am put aside like a Remorseless Baron. And, Lionello mio, if Frank Vance is a miser, so much the better for his niece."

"But," faltered Lionel.

Oh, falter not. Gaze into those eyes; read that blush now! She looks coy, not reluctant. She bends before him—adorned as for love, by all her native graces. Air seems brightened by her bloom. No more the Outlaw-Child of Ignominy and Fraud, but the Starry Daughter of POETRY AND ART! Lo, where they glide away under the leafless, melancholy trees. Leafless and melancholy! No! Verdure and blossom and the smile of spring are upon every bough.

"I suppose," said Alban, "it will not now break Lionel's heart to learn that not an hour before I left London I heard from a friend at the Horse Guards that it has been resolved to substitute the —— regiment for Lionel's; and it will be for some time yet, I suspect, that he must submit to be ingloriously happy. Come this way, George; a word in your ear." And Alban, drawing his nephew aside, told him of Jasper's state, and of Arabella's request. "Not a word to-day on these mournful topics to poor Willy. To-day let nothing add to his pain to have lost a grandchild, or dim his consolation in the happiness and security his Sophy gains in that loss. But to-morrow you will go and see this stricken-down sinner, and prepare the father for the worst. I made a point of seeing Dr. F. last night. He gives Jasper but a few weeks. He compares him to a mountain, not merely shattered by an earthquake, but burned out by its own inward fires."

"A few weeks only," sighed George. "Well, Time, that seems every thing to man, has not even an existence in the sight of God. To that old man I owe the power of speech to argue, to exhort, and to comfort; *he was training me to kneel by the death-bed of his son!*"

"You believe," asked the Man of the World, "in the efficacy of a death-bed repentance, when a sinner has sinned till the power of sinning be gone?"

"I believe," replied the Preacher, "that in health there is nothing so unsafe as trust in a death-bed repentance; I believe that on the death-bed it can not be unsafe to repent!"

Alban looked thoughtful, and George turned to rejoin Waife, to whom Vance was narrating the discovery of Sophy's parentage; while Fairthorn, as he listened, drew his flute from his pocket, and began screwing it, impatient to vent in delicate music what he never could have set into words for his blundering, untunable tongue. The Colonel joins Darrell, and hastens to unfold more fully the story which Vance is reciting to Waife.

Brief as it can, be the explanation due to the reader.

Vance's sister had died in child-birth. The poor young poet, unfitted to cope with penury, his sensitive nature combined with a frame that could feebly resist the strain of exhausting emotions, disappointed in fame, despairing of fortune, dependent for bread on his wife's boyish brother, and harassed by petty debts in a foreign land, had been fast pining away, even before an affliction to which all the rest seemed as naught. With that affliction he broke down at once, and died a few days after his wife, leaving an infant not a week old. A French female singer, of some repute in the theatres, and making a provincial tour, was lodging in the same house as the young couple. She had that compassionate heart which is more common than prudence or very strict principle with the tribes who desert the prosaic true world for the light, sparkling, false one. She had assisted the young couple, in their later days, with purse and kind offices; had been present at the birth of the infant—the death of the mother; and had promised Arthur Branthwaite that she would take care of his child, until she could safely convey it to his wife's relations; while he wept to own that they, poor as himself, must regard such a charge as a burden.

The singer wrote to apprise Mrs. Vance of the death of her daughter and son-in-law, and the birth of the infant whom she undertook shortly to send to England. But the babe, whom, meanwhile, she took to herself, got hold of her affections; with that yearning for children which makes so remarkable and almost uniform a characteristic of French women (if themselves childless) in the wandering Bohemian class that separates them from the ordinary household affections never dead in the heart of women till womanhood itself be dead, the singer clung to the orphan little one to whom she was for the moment rendering the cares of a mother. She could not bear to part with it; she resolved to adopt it as her own. The knowledge of Mrs. Vance's circumstances—the idea that the orphan, to herself a blessing, would be an unwelcome incumbrance to its own relations—removed every scruple from a mind unaccustomed to suffer reflection to stand in the way of an impulse. She wrote word to Mrs. Vance that the child was dead. She trusted that her letter would suffice, without other evidence, to relations so poor, and who could have no suspicion of any interest to deceive them. Her trust was well founded. Mrs. Vance and the boy Frank, whose full confidence and gratitude had been already secured to their correspondent for her kind offices to the young parents, accepted, without a demur or a question, the news that the infant was no more. The singer moved on to the next town at which she was professionally engaged. The infant, hitherto brought up by hand, became ailing. The medical adviser called in recommended the natural food, and found, in a village close by, the nurse to whom, a little time before, Jasper Losely had consigned his own daughter. The latter died; the nurse then removed to Paris, to reside with the singer, who had obtained a lucrative appointment at one of the metropolitan theatres. In less than two years the singer herself fell a victim to a prevailing epidemic. She had lived without thought of the morrow; her debts exceeded her means; her effects were sold. The nurse, who had meanwhile become a widow, came for advice and refuge to her sister, was in the service of Gabrielle Desmarets. Gabrielle being naturally appealed to, saw the infant, heard the story, looked into the statement which, by way of confession, the singer had drawn up, and signed, in a notary's presence, before she died; looked into the letters from Mrs. Vance, and the school-boy scrawls from Frank, both to the singer and to the child's parents, which the actress had carefully preserved; convinced herself of the poverty and obscurity of the infant's natural guardians and next of kin; and said to Jasper, who was just dissipating the fortune handed over to him as survivor of his wife and child, "There is what, if well managed, may retain your hold on a rich father-in-law, when all else has failed. You have but to say that this infant is his grandchild; the nurse we can easily bribe, or persuade to confirm the tale. I, whom he already knows as that respectable baroness, your Matilda's friend, can give to the story some probable touches. The lone, childless man must rejoice to think that a tie is left to him. The infant is exquisitely pretty; her face will plead for her. His heart will favor the idea too much to make him very rigorous in his investigations. Take the infant. Doubtless in your own country you can find some one to rear it at little or no expense, until the time come for appeal to your father-in-law, when no other claim on his purse remains."

Jasper assented with the *insouciant* docility by which he always acknowledged Gabrielle's astuter intellect. He saw the nurse; it was clear that she had nothing to gain by taking the child to English relations so poor. They might refuse to believe her, and certainly could not reward. To rid herself of the infant, and obtain the means to return to her native village with a few hundred francs in her purse, there was no promise she was not willing to make, no story she was too honest to tell, no paper she was too timid to sign. Jasper was going to London on some adventure of his own. He took the infant—chanced on Arabella;—the reader knows the rest. The indifference ever manifested by Jasper to a child not his own—the hardness with which he had contemplated and planned his father's separation from one whom he had imposed by false pretexts on the old man's love, and whom he only regarded as an alien encumbrance upon the scanty means of her deluded protector—the fitful and desultory mode in which (when, contrary to the reasonings which Gabrielle had based upon a very large experience of the credulities of human nature in general, but in utter ignorance of the nature peculiar to Darrell) his first attempt at imposition had been so scornfully resisted by his indignant father-in-law—he had played fast and loose with a means of extortion which, though loth to abandon, he knew would not bear any strict investigation;—all this is now clear to the reader. And the reader will also comprehend why, partly from fear that his father might betray him, partly from a compassionate unwillingness to deprive the old man of a belief in which William Losely said he had found such solace, Jasper, in his last interview with his father, shrunk from saying, "but she is not your grandchild!" The idea of recurring to the true relations of the child naturally never entered into Jasper's brain. He considered them to be as poor as himself. *They* buy from him the child of parents whom they had evidently, by their letters, taxed themselves to the utmost, and in vain, to save from absolute want! So wild seemed that notion that he had long since forgotten relations so useless existed. Fortunately the Nurse had preserved the written statement of the singer—the letters by Mrs. Vance and Frank—the certificate of the infant's birth and baptism—some poor relics of Sophy's ill-fated parents—manuscripts of Arthur's poems—baby-caps with initials and armorial crests, wrought before her confinement by the young wife—all of which had been consigned by the singer to the nurse, and which the nurse willingly disposed of to Mrs. Crane, with her own formal deposition of the facts, confirmed by her sister, Gabrielle's old confidential attendant, and who, more favored than her mistress, was living peaceably in the rural scenes of her earlier innocence, upon the interest of the gains she had saved in no innocent service—confirmed yet more by references to many whose testimonies could trace, step by step, the child's record from its birth to its transfer to Jasper, and by the brief but distinct avowal, in tremulous lines, writ by Jasper himself. As a skein crossed and tangled, when the last knot is loosened, slips suddenly free, so this long-bewildering mystery now became clear as a commonplace! What years of suffering Darrell might have been saved had he himself seen and examined the nurse—had his inquiry been less bounded by the fear of his pride—had the great lawyer not had himself for a client!

Darrell silently returned to Alban Morley the papers over which he had cast his eye as they walked slowly to and fro the sloping banks of the lake.

"It is well," said he, glancing fondly, as Fairthorn had glanced before him, toward the old House, now freed from doom, and permitted to last its time; "it is well," he repeated, looking away toward that part of the landscape where he could just catch a glimpse of Sophy's light form beyond the barbed thorn-tree; "it is well," he repeated thrice, with a sigh. "Poor human nature! Alban, can you conceive it, I, who once so dreaded that that poor child should prove to be of my blood, now, in knowing that she is not, feel a void, a loss! To Lionel I am so distant a kinsman!—to his wife, to his children, what can I be? A rich old man; the sooner he is in his grave the better. A few tears, and then the will! But, as your nephew says, 'This life is but a school;' the new-comer in the last form thinks the head-boy just leaving so old! And to us, looking back, it seems but the same yesterday whether we were the last comer or the head-boy."

"I thought," said Alban, plaintively, "that, for a short time at least, I had done with 'painful subjects.' You revel in them! County Guy, you have not left school yet; leave it with credit; win the best prize." And Alban plunged at once into THE CRISIS. He grew eloquent; the Party, the Country, the Great Measure to be intrusted to Darrell, if he would but undertake it as a member of the Cabinet; the Peerage, the House of Vipont, and immortal glory!—eloquent as Ulysses haranguing the son of Peleus in *Troilus and Cressida*.

Darrell listened coldly; only while Alban dwelt on "the Measure" in which, when it was yet too unripe for practical statesmen, he had attached his faith as a thinker, the orator's eye flashed with young fire. A great truth is eternally clear to a great heart that has once nourished its germ and foreseen its fruits. But when Alban quitted that part of his theme all the rest seemed wearisome to his listener. They had now wound their walk to the opposite side of the lake, and paused near the thick beech-trees, hallowed and saddened by such secret associations to the mournful owner.

"No, my dear Alban," said Darrell, "I can not summon up sufficient youth and freshness of spirit to re-enter the turbulent arena I have left. Ah! look yonder where Lionel and Sophy move! Give me, I do not say Lionel's years, but Lionel's wealth of hope, and I might still have a wish for fame and a voice for England; but it is a subtle truth that where a man misses a home, a link between his country and himself is gone. Vulgar ambition may exist—the selfish desire of power; they were never very strong in me, and now less strong than the desire of rest; but that beautiful, genial, glorious union of all the affections of social citizen, which begins at the hearth and widens round the land, is not for the hermit's cell."

Alban was about to give up the argument in irritable despair, when, happening to turn his eye toward the farther depth of the beech-grove, he caught a glimpse—no matter what of; but quickening his step in the direction to which his glance had wandered, he seated himself on the gnarled roots of a tree that seemed the monarch of the wood, wide-spreading as that under which Tityrus reclined of old; and there, out of sight of the groups on the opposite banks of the lake—there, as if he had sought the gloomiest and most secret spot for what he had yet to say, he let fall, in the most distinct yet languid tones of his thorough-bred, cultured enunciation, "I have a message to you from Lady Montfort. Restless man, do come nearer, and stand still. I am tired to death." Darrell approached, and, leaning against the trunk of the giant tree, said, with folded arms and compressed lips,

"A message from Lady Montfort!"

"Yes. I should have told you, by-the-by, that it was she who, being a woman, of course succeeded where I, being a man, despite incredible pains and trouble, signally failed, discovered Arabella Fossett, *alias* Crane, and obtained from her the documents which free your life forever from a haunting and torturing fear. I urged her to accompany me hither, and place the documents herself in your hand. She refused; you were not worth so much trouble, my dear Guy. I requested her at least to suffer me to show to you a paper containing Jasper Losely's confession of a conspiracy to poison her mind against you some years ago—a conspiracy so villainously ingenious that it would have completely exonerated any delicate and proud young girl from the charge of fickleness in yielding to an impulse of pique and despair. But Lady Montfort did not wish to be exonerated; your good opinion has ceased to be of the slightest value to her. But to come to the point. She bade me tell you that if you persist in sheltering yourself in a hermit's cell from the fear of meeting her—if she be so dangerous to your peace—you may dismiss such absurd apprehension. She is going abroad; and, between you and me, my dear fellow, I have not a doubt that she will marry again before six months are out. I spoke of your sufferings; she told me she had not the smallest compassion for them."

"Alban Morley, you presumed to talk thus of me?" cried Darrell, livid with rage.

"Strike, but hear me. It is true you would not own, when I was last at Fawley, that she was the cause of your secluded life, of your blighted career; but I knew better. However, let me go on before you strangle me. Lady Montfort's former feelings of friendship for you are evidently quite changed; and she charged me to add that she really hoped that you would exert your good sense and pride (of which Heaven knows you have plenty) to eradicate an absurd and romantic sentiment, so displeasing to her, and so—"

"It is false! it is false! What have I done to you, Colonel Morley, that you should slander me thus? *I* send you messages of taunt and insult, Mr. Darrell! I—*I!*—you can not believe it—you can not!"

Caroline Montfort stood between the two, as if she had dropped from heaven.

A smile, half in triumph, half in irony, curved the lip of the fine gentleman. It faded instantly as his eye turned from the face of the earnest woman to that of the earnest man. Alban Morley involuntarily bowed his head, murmured some words, unheard, and passed from the place, unheeded.

Not by concert nor premeditation was Caroline Montfort on that spot. She had consented to accompany her cousin to Fawley, but before reaching the park-gates her courage failed her; she would remain within the carriage; the Colonel, wanted in London as soon as possible, whatever the result of his political mission to Darrell, could not remain long at Fawley; she would return with him. Vance's presence and impatient desire to embrace his niece did not allow the Colonel an occasion for argument and parley. Chafed at this fresh experience of the capricious uncertainty of woman, he had walked on with Vance to the Manor House. Left alone, Caroline could not endure the stillness and inaction which increased the tumult of her thoughts; she would at least have one more look—it might be the last—at the scenes in which her childhood had sported—her youth known its first happy dreams. But a few yards across those circumscribed demesnes, on through those shadowy, serried groves, and she should steal, unperceived, in view of the house, the beloved lake—perhaps even once more catch a passing glimpse of the owner. She resolved, she glided on, came; she gained the beech-grove, when, by the abrupt wind of the banks, Darrell and Alban came suddenly on the very spot. The flutter of her robe, as she turned to retreat, caught Alban's eye; the reader comprehends with what wily intent, conceived on the moment, that unscrupulous *intrigant* shaped the words that chained her footstep, and then stung her on to self-disclosure. Trembling and blushing, she now stood before the startled man—he, startled out of every other sentiment and feeling than that of ineffable, exquisite delight to be once more in her presence; she, after her first passionate outburst, hastening on, in confused, broken words, to explain that she was there but by accident—by chance; confusion growing deeper and deeper—how explain the motive that had charmed her steps to the spot?

Suddenly from the opposite bank came the music of the magic flute, and her voice as suddenly stopped and failed her.

"Again — again," said Darrell, dreamily. "The same music! the same air! and this the same place on which we two stood together when I first dared to say, 'I love!' Look, we are under the very tree! Look, there is the date I carved on the bark when you were gone, but had left Hope behind. Ah! Caroline, why can I not now resign myself to age? Why is youth, while I speak, rushing back into my heart, into my soul? Why can not I say, 'Gratefully I accept your tender friendship; let the past be forgotten; through what rests to me of the future while on earth, be to me as a child?' I can not—I can not! Go!"

She drew nearer to him, gently, timidly. "Even that, Darrell—even that; something in your life—let me be something still!"

"Ay," he said with melancholy bitterness, "you deceive me no longer now! You own that, when here we stood last, and exchanged our troth, you in the blossom, and I in the prime, of life—you own that it was no woman's love, deaf to all calumny, proof to all craft that could wrong the absent; no woman's love, warm as the heart, undying as the soul, that you pledged me then."

"Darrell, it was not—though then I thought it was."

"Ay, ay," he continued with a smile, as if of triumph in his own pangs, "so *that* truth is confessed at last! And when, once more free, you wrote to me the letter I returned, rent in fragments, to your hand—or when, forgiving my rude outrage and fierce reproach, you spoke to me so gently yonder, a few weeks since, in these lonely shades, then what were your sentiments, your motives? Were they not those of a long-suppressed and kind remorse?—of a charity akin to that which binds rich to poor, bows happiness to suffering?—some memories of gratitude—nay, perhaps of childlike affection?—all amiable, all generous, all steeped in that sweetness of nature to which I unconsciously rendered justice in the anguish I endured in losing you; but do not tell me that even *then* you were under the influence of woman's love."

"Darrell, I was not."

"You own it, and you suffer me to see you again! Trifler and cruel one, is it but to enjoy the sense of your undiminished, unalterable power?"

"Alas, Darrell! alas! why am I here?—why so yearning, yet so afraid to come? Why did my heart fail when these trees rose in sight against the sky?—why, why—why was it drawn hither by the spell I could not resist? Alas, Darrell, alas! I am a woman *now*—and—and this is— She lowered her vail and turned away; her lips could not utter the word, because the word was not pity, not remorse, not remembrance, not even affection; and the woman loved now too well to subject to the hazard of rejection—LOVE!

"Stay, oh stay!" cried Darrell. "Oh that I could dare to ask you to complete the sentence! I know—I know by the mysterious sympathy of my own soul, that you could never deceive me more! Is it—is it—" His lips falter too; but her hand is clasped in his; her head is reclined upon his breast; the vail is withdrawn from the sweet downcast face; and softly on her ear steal the murmured words, "Again and now, till the grave—Oh, by this hallowing kiss, again—the Caroline of old!"

Fuller and fuller, spreading, wave after wave, throughout the air, till it seem interfused and commingled with the breath which the listeners breathe, the flute's mellow gush streams along. The sun slopes in peace toward the west; not a cloud in those skies, clearer seen through yon boughs stripped of leaves, and rendering more vivid the evergreen of the arbute and laurel.

Lionel and Sophy are now seated on yon moss-grown trunk; on either side the old gray-haired man, as if agreeing for a while even to forget each other, that they may make *him* feel how fondly he is remembered. Sophy is resting both her hands on the old man's shoulder, looking into his face, and murmuring in his ear with voice like the coo of a happy dove. Ah! fear not, Sophy; *he* is happy too—*he*, who never thinks of himself. Look—the playful smile round his arch lips; look—now he is showing off Sir Isaac to Vance; with austere solemnity the dog goes through his tricks; and Vance, with hand stroking his chin, is moralizing on all that might have befallen had he grudged his three pounds to that famous INVESTMENT!

Behind that group, shadowed by the Thorn-tree, stands the PREACHER, thoughtful and grave, foreseeing the grief that must come to the old man with the morrow, when he will learn that a guilty son nears his end, and will hasten to comfort Jasper's last days with pardon. But the Preacher looks not down to the death-couch alone; on and high over death looks the Preacher! By what words heavenly mercy may lend to his lips shall he steal away, yet in time, to the soul of the dying, and justify murmurs of hope to the close of a life so dark with the shades of its past? And to him, to the Preacher, they who survive—the two mourners—will come in their freshness of sorrow! He the old man? Nay to him there will be comfort. His spirit Heaven's kindness had tempered to trials; and, alas! for *that* son, what could father hope more than a death free from shame, and a chance yet vouchsafed for repentance? But she, the grim, iron-gray woman? The Preacher's interest, I know, will soon centre on her;—And balm may yet fall on thy wounds, thou poor, grim, iron-gray, loving woman!

Lo! that traitor, the Flute-player, over whom falls the deep grateful shade from the eaves of the roof-tree reprieved; though unconscious as yet of that happy change in the lot of the master, which, ere long, may complete (and haply for sons sprung in truth from the blood of the Darrell) yon skeleton pile, and consummate, for ends nobler far, the plan of a grand life imperfect;—though as yet the musician nor knows nor conjectures the joy that his infamous treason to Sophy so little deserves; yet, as if by those finer perceptions of sense, impressed, ere they happen, by changes of pleasure and of pain, which Art so mysteriously gives to the minds from which music is born, his airs, of themselves, float in joy: Like a bird at the coming of spring, it is gladness that makes him melodious.

And Alban Morley, seemingly intent upon the sketch which his amiable niece-in-law submits to his critical taste ere she ventures to show it to Vance, is looking from under his brows toward the grove, out from which, towering over all its dark brethren, soars the old trysting beech-tree, and to himself he is saying, "Ten to one that the old House of Vipont now weather the CRISIS; and a thousand to one that I find at last my arm-chair at the hearth of my school-friend, Guy Darrell!"

And the lake is as smooth as glass; and the swans, hearkening the music, rest still, with white breasts against the grass of the margin; and the doe, where she stands, her fore-feet in the water, lifts her head wistfully, with nostrils distended, and wondering soft eyes that are missing the master. Now full on the beech-grove shines the westering sun; out from the gloomy beech-grove into the golden sunlight—they come, they come—Man and the Helpmate, two lives rebetrothed—two souls reunited. Be it evermore! Amen.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

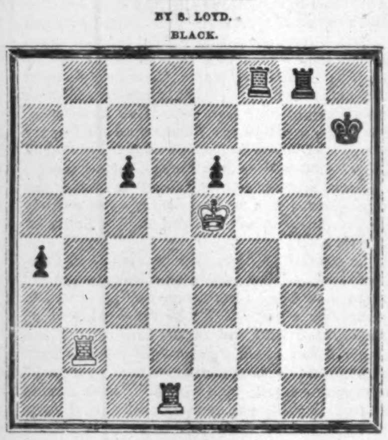
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"KALAMAZOO Chess Club," "CYGNET" (Detroit), "FRANKLIN" (Philadelphia), J. S. W. (Philadelphia), "WOLVERINE & Co." (Stockbridge), and many other contributors, shall hear from us in due time.——A. M. P. (Marshall County, Illinois). There is no such thing as a "dead Piece" at Chess. Your Rook, although pinned, has yet the checking power.——E. L. (Philadelphia). The King can never move more than one square at a time, excepting when he Castles. If P. M. and H. S. have ever played together it is *their business*, and not ours. They have certainly not so done in public.——Solutions to Problem XI. have been received from J. K., L. M., C. T., F. R., and G. M. Our other *communicants* on this subject will find themselves in error.

PROBLEM XIII.

BY S. LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q B 6	P to R 8 *Queens* (*)
2. Q to B 4 (ch)	K to K 4
3. Kt to B 7 checkmate	

(*) If "P to Q 8 *Queens*," White plays, 2. R takes Q (ch).
If "R takes P (ch)," 2. Kt takes R (ch).
If "Kt to B 4," 2. Kt to K B 3 (ch).
If "P takes Kt," 2. B takes B (ch).
If "B takes P (ch)," 2. R takes B. In either case checkmating on the third move; and in any other event the Knight gives mate on the second.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XII

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K B 4 (ch)	K to R 3 (*)
2. Q takes B (ch)	K takes Q
3. B to K B 3 (ch)	K to R 3
4. Kt to K B 5 (ch)	K to R 2
5. R takes Kt P checkmate	

(*) Should he take Pawn with King, White plays—2. R to Kt 6 (ch); 3. Q to Q 4 (ch); 4. Q to K 3 (ch); and on the fifth move gives checkmate with either Queen or Bishop. Black's moves being, throughout, forced.

PAUL MORPHY ABROAD.

Mr. Paul Morphy, the youthful champion of American chess play, has at length fulfilled his destiny as *knight-errant* and representative of his *cis-Atlantic* confrères. In the vanquishment of the renowned player, Herr Anderssen, of Breslau, winner of the first prize at the great European Tournament of 1851, added to his former triumphs, Mr. M. has accomplished all that his best friends and most devoted admirers could desire; and we think now that his friends here have the full right to look for his early return.

We hear with regret that Mr. Morphy has expressed the intention to play, ere long, twenty simultaneous games, without sight of board or men. His intention is a determination—it will doubtless be fulfilled; but *cui bono?* However great the capacities of a man's brain, it is yet possible that they may be overtaxed.

The match just now concluded, played at Paris, under circumstances by no means favorable, in consequence of ill health, to Mr. M., has resulted as follows: Morphy, 7; Anderssen, 2; Drawn, 2.

The Game appended is the third occurring in this contest. There are, of course, some points of mark observable in it; notwithstanding which, however, it appears to us that this, as also the three others the score of which has already reached us, is somewhat of the skittling order.

En passant—as is said sometimes when capturing a stray Pawn—the reports of these games, as given in certain of our daily contemporaries, however amusing, are, as usual, quite unintelligible.

WHITE (*Mr. M.*)	BLACK (*Mr. A.*)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5	K Kt to B 3
4. P to Q 4	Q Kt takes P
5. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
6. P to K 5	P to Q B 3
7. Castles	P takes B
8. Q B to K Kt 5	K B to K 2
9. P takes Kt	B takes P
10. R to K (ch)	K to B
11. B takes B	Q takes B
12. P to Q B 3	P to Q 4
13. P takes P	B to K 3
14. Q Kt to B 3	P to Q R 4
15. R to K 5	R to Q
16. Q to Q Kt 3	Q to K 2
17. Q R to K	P to K Kt 4
18. Q to Q	Q to K B 3
19. Q R to K 3	K R to K Kt
20. R takes B	P takes R
21. R to K B 3	

Black resigns.

OLD WINTER.

BY RALPH RAWLINS.

I.

Now that November's tawny hand
Has stripp'd the leafiest trees,
And over all the timbered land
Bare boughs bend in the breeze;
Since naughty Frost is nipping at
What's left of vegetation,
Let honest folks prepare to greet
Our silver-haired relation,
Old Winter.

II.

Soon all the woods, now clad in brown,
Will glisten in pure white;
Soon snow-birds o'er yon meadow-lawn
Will chirp from morn till night.
Then pile ye fagots on the hearth,
And kindle up a blaze,
We'll welcome in with ringing mirth
Our friend of olden days,
Old Winter.

III.

How genial laughs the hick'ry bough,
How chimes each jolly throat,
As round and round the jolly row
Catches the jolly note;
Hurrah! ye winds—he's here, he's here—
Here in his robes at last—
Our friend of many a by-gone year,
And many a biting blast,
Old Winter.

IV.

Oh! when the snow of life's decline
Comes tapping at our pane,
As well prepared to welcome in
Our God's eternal reign
May we be then as we are now,
With joyous heart and hearth,
To greet December and her snow,
And all the icy earth
Of Winter!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

EVERY body knows it was the custom with our forefathers to keep a jester in their pay to crack jokes for them at dinner-time. The exercise of laughing, it is well known, aids digestion; and these jesters may with truth have been regarded as digesters. If the practice obtained now there might possibly be comfort in it. Considering the bad cookery with which we are tormented, a course of jokes might prove a useful adjunct to a dinner. We know several mahoganies where we should like to see a jester, if we thought his jokes would save us from attacks of indigestion. Great care would, however, be essential in selection. To persons who have any proneness to dyspepsia the effect of a bad pun might cause as much uneasiness as swallowing a bad oyster. A joke such as the following would be no joke to gulp down:

Q. "Why is a fishmonger throwing a small flounder at his wife like a hat-maker whose name is Aminadab Fish?"

A. "Because, don't you see, he is Aminadab Fish, hatter."

[*An interval of ten minutes allowed here for reflection.*]*

Kicking with boots made in the reign of Edward the Third, and duly tipped with the sharply-pointed toes of the period, would be but a mild pun-ishment for making such a pun as this:

Q. "When is a shrimp most like a leopard?"

A. "When he is (s)potted."

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind. If we accept it as a truth, and we have classical authority to back us up in doing so, that "*Nemo repentè fuit turpissimus*," it afflicts us to imagine what a number of bad riddles the culprit must have made before he could have perpetrated one so vile as this:

Q. "Why is a lady making a morning call like a letter of the alphabet in an easy position?"

A. "Because she is V-sitting."

When it is considered that of puns such as these *Mr. Punch*, by every post, is afflicted with some dozens, we think it no great wonder that he finds his temper failing him, and that his milk of human kindness shows some signs of curdling. To add to his annoyance, *Mr. Punch*, be it remembered, has to read the riddles sent to him; and this is far more aggravating work than merely hearing them. The penmanship is frequently no better than the punmanship; and, besides, we know of old that

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta."

Until lately *Mr. Punch* conceived his patience was pun-proof. But he has since then been exposed to such a heavy fire of jokes that the experience of the last few weeks has undeceived him. Something, it is clear, must be done for his protection. Lord Raynham and the cruelty-preventives ought to look to it. What torture can be crueler to a person of fine mind than the agony of reading a riddle such as this:

Q. "What is the most biting wind that blows?"

A. "A Gnaw-Gnaw-Easter!"

* * *

Some years ago there lived in old Yorktown a wealthy gentleman, Colonel ——, who was the nominal owner of an old negro named Billy. But Billy was in reality his own master; and in order to make a little money, with the least possible amount of labor, cleared out the rubbish, and swept some old excavations at Yorktown, that had been made and used by Cornwallis as his head-quarters when besieged at that place, and which were frequently visited by sight-seers, who always rewarded old Billy for showing them around. The old fellow never failed to tell, with great unction, of the capture of Cornwallis by Washington, which he professed to have witnessed, and described in the following manner: "The General stationed himself behind a bush, on the look-out for his lordship, who soon came walking by, unsuspicious of danger, when the General suddenly jumped out and collared him, saying, 'Ah, you blamed old rascal, I've caught you at last!'"

* * *

In the same region lived, and perhaps still lives, a great oddity, a Baptist preacher named Scervant Jones. The good man had occasion to visit one of his flock named Owle. And it happened when he arrived that the family had just finished dinner, but a plate was laid for Mr. Jones, and the meagre remains of a chicken placed before him. After eying it a moment he improvised a blessing in this wise:

"God bless the Owle
That ate the fowl
And left the bones
For Scervant Jones!"

* * *

It was during the second term of General Jackson that he stopped at a public-house, while on his way from Nashville to Florence, Alabama, and "thereby hangs a tale." He was the guest of Mr. Samuel Wormley, as fine a specimen of an old Virginian as you will find between the rising and the setting sun. A large company was present, and many were being introduced. The host presented two of his sons-in-law in the following manner. "General, allow me to introduce my son-in-law, Samuel P. Walker, who is a nephew of James K. Polk. General, allow me to introduce another son-in-law, Adley O. Harris, once a brother-in-law of James K. Polk." In a corner of the room sat a wag, who had either eaten too much or drunk too much; rising from his seat, he said: "General, allow me to introduce myself, Michael R. Moore. I married Kate, the daughter of old John Miller; give me your corn-stealer." Well, there was a laugh, long and loud, in which the General heartily joined while extending his "corn-stealer."

* * *

"My little four-year-old is a bright one," says a Kansas correspondent. He *reads* all the pictures in *Harper's Magazine*, and when his mother called him a little dear the other day, he said, "No," he wasn't a deer, 'cause deers had four legs; and producing a *Harper* with a picture to that effect, he held it up and exclaimed, "There, I and *Harper* know!"

* * *

During the session of the Court of Common Pleas, in a certain county not far from the Sciota River, in Ohio, the presiding Judge, although a man of great ability and talent, was, nevertheless, rather too fond of the "red eye," and too much in the habit of performing that pantomimic action commonly called "crooking the elbow." On one occasion, when the court was assembled and waiting for his appearance, he entered, and, with a slow and solemn step, "walked a line" up to the bench; and although it was evident to all that he had been "smiling," he was now as "grave as a judge." Taking his seat with great gravity (though it was plain that he had great difficulty in preserving the centre thereof), he opened court. Matters went on swimmingly until, in his endeavors to take notes, he dropped his pen, and stooping to pick it up, he lost that gravity which until then he had so carefully preserved, and deposited his weight and whisky on the floor. The court was in commotion; and while two of the members of the bar restored the fallen dignity of the bench, Mr. C—— moved that the court be adjourned, on account of the sudden illness of the Judge; when, to the surprise of all, the Judge, who had regained his feet, exclaimed, "No-s-such-thing, no-such-thing, Mr. C——. The Judge ain't sick; he's drunk, Sir, *drunk*—drunk, Sir!" The peal of laughter that rose can better be imagined than described.

* * *

A biography of Robespierre, published in a late Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence:

"This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

* * *

Louise had oft, in youth, been told
She was a matchless maid;
Louise, good lack! has now grown old,
But matchless still, 'tis said.

* * *

What is the difference between a butcher and a young lady? *Ans.* The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, Jan.* 15, 1859.

THE week which has just closed has been marked by rather more activity in business circles, and a slight though quite perceptible increase of activity in the money market. Commercial advices from Europe report increased demand for money in the London and Paris markets, growing out of the revival of commerce and preparations for an active spring business. The like cause, combined with the public loans which will shortly be put on the market, is producing the like effect here. We quote loans on call at 4 @ 5; first-class paper, indorsed, sixty or ninety days, 4½ @ 5½; longer dates, 5½ @ 6½ @ 7; lower grades, 6 @ 10. Exchange on Europe continues to rule above the specie shipping point: every steamer carries out a parcel of bars or coin.

Stocks have been quiet throughout the week, though the party that is operating for the rise continue to make every effort to sustain prices by constant purchases. Thus far, the only stock in which they have succeeded in causing an advance is New York Central, which is about 1 per cent. higher than it was last week; other securities are lower, and many stand where they were. The only outside demand that exists is for the best State and Government securities, which stand where they were last week.

---

* Do you still give it up, reader? Well, then, we will help you. Answer (please observe the italics).—Because he is *aiming a dab-fish at her!!!* (Reader goes off in convulsions, and is carried out upon a stretcher.)

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Jan.* 15, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have improved decidedly for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, which have arrived sparingly, while they have been in active request for home use and on speculation....Cotton is depressed, and a shade cheaper....Provisions have been in good demand, closing quite firmly....Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, and Teas, have been actively inquired for at buoyant prices. Rice has been freely offered and purchased at rather easier rates....Hides, Naval Stores, Linseed Oil, Spices, and Whisky have been more sought after, and have advanced .... Fish, Fruit, Hay, Hemp, Hops, Leather, and Metals have been lightly dealt in....Tobacco and Wool have been in pretty active demand.... Strong symptoms of revival are noticeable in the Dry Goods line. Stocks are ample and attractive, and buyers are making their appearance in considerable numbers. Desirable standard fabrics are beginning to meet with a ready sale at good prices, and Fancy Goods are attracting more attention. Holders, expecting a very good Spring trade, are not unusually eager to dispose of their supplies. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $2,398,887 against $1,073,969 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $3,670,757, against $1,575,408 same time last year.... The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@	$4 50
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 60	@	5 60
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 75	@	5 35
Extra Western, per barrel	5 25	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 55	@	7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 85	@	6 90
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 20	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 40	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 50	@	4 15
White Wheat, per bushel	1 25	@	1 60
Red Wheat, per bushel	75	@	1 30
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	84	@	85
Rye, per bushel	77	@	80
Barley, per bushel	70	@	90
Western Oats, per bushel	58	@	61
State Oats, per bushel	53	@	57
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	50	@	54
Southern Oats, per bushel	46	@	49
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 00	@	17 62½
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 00	@	13 12½
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	7 75	@	9 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	9½
Lard, per pound	11½	@	11¾
State Butter, per pound	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	8½	@	9½
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	12½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	19	@	27
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	39	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	26	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	27	@	27½
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	3	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds	75	@	1 00
Tallow, per pound	—	@	10½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 68¾	@	3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	49½	@	50
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@	—
Linseed Oil, per gallon	66	@	68
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32	@	45

Stocks of several Articles in New York about Jan. 1.

	1858.	1859.
Ashes, barrels	1,652	1,827
BREADSTUFFS:		
Wheat Flour, barrels	603,150	721,541
Wheat, bushels	389,000	1,211,312
Corn, bushels	97,000	669,690
Rye, bushels	—	43,500
Barley, bushels	—	537,416
Oats, bushels	—	560,200
Coffee, packages	127,297	67,110
Cotton, bales	15,808	32,873
Dyewoods, tons	5,747	3,214
FISH:		
Dry Cod, quintals	9,500	12,500
Mackerel, barrels	2,350	4,900
Pickled Salmon, barrels	250	500
Pickled Salmon, tierces	150	150
Hake and Pollock, quintals	600	1,000
Pickled Herring, barrels	8,600	10,500
Smoked Herring, boxes	31,000	35,000
Hay, bales	—	6,000
Hemp, bales	22,175	28,502
Hemp, tons	550	375
Hides, number	375,300	50,000
Iron, Scotch Pig, tons	—	800
Lead, Pig, tons	5,000	5,300
Leather, Sole, sides	357,600	82,800
Molasses, hogsheads	4,613	4,314
Molasses, barrels	4,512	2,641
NAVAL STORES:		
Crude Turpentine, barrels	4,000	9,000
Spirits Turpentine, barrels	6,000	8,700
Tar, barrels	2,000	800
Rosin, barrels	—	60,000
OILS:		
Linseed Oil, English, gallons	—	200,000
PROVISIONS:		
Pork, barrels	10,558	66,828
Beef, tierces and barrels	39,144	71,880
Rice, casks	3,161	3,910
Rice, bags	4,708	—
Raisins, boxes	50,000	13,750
Sugars, hogsheads	16,036	12,873
Sugars, boxes	8,731	14,489
Sugars, bags	1,400	—
Teas, Green, pounds	—	2,107,175
Teas, Black, pounds	—	1,390,732
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	4,644	9,461
Tobacco, Crude, bales	8,797	14,005
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs.	43,877	32,408

Freights continue dull and nominal, with 564 vessels of all classes in port.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, which were less freely offered than they were needed....Good Milch Cows were in request, and were stiffly held....Veal Calves were more inquired for, and were dearer....Sheep and Lambs were in fair supply and demand....Swine were plenty and active at former rates ....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Jan.* 5.	Week ending *Jan.* 12.
Beeves	2,788	3,712
Milch Cows	138	196
Veal Calves	344	429
Sheep and Lambs	5,295	7,298
Swine	6,209	10,198

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound	$ 7	@	$ 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75	@	8 00
" " per pound	5½	@	12
Live Swine, per pound	5½	@	6½
Dressed " "	7	@	8
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been less active, owing, in part, to the unfavorable weather. Supplies have been less freely exposed for sale. Prices have not varied remarkably.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 75	@	$ 4 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	3 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 60	@	1 70
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 50	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@	3 25
Turnips, per barrel	50	@	70
Beets, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Carrots, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Cabbage, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Parsnips, per barrel	75	@	1 00
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00	@	18 00
Pumpkins, per 100	10 00	@	—
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 00	@	5 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	2 50	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	26	@	28
Eggs, Western, per dozen	20	@	24
Chickens, per pair	40	@	62½
Fowls, per pound	7	@	10
Fowls, per pair	40	@	70
Geese, per pound	7	@	11
Turkeys, per pound	7	@	12½
Wild Turkeys, each	2 00	@	3 00
Ducks, per pound	11	@	14
" black, per pair	37	@	50
" widgeon, per pair	37	@	50
" wood, per pair	37	@	50
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	—
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	3 50
Partridge, per pair	56	@	68
Snipe, Brant, per dozen	62	@	75
Plover, per dozen	1 75	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Squirrels, each	3	@	5
Venison, per pound	7	@	11
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@	12

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